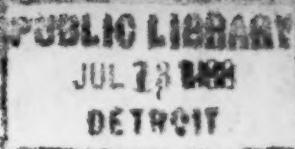


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Notes of the Week

On a dispassionate view, so far as such an achievement is possible, the surprising thing is that more than a quarter of the Conservatives present voted against the Government and Mr. Baldwin at the meeting of the Central Council on Wednesday. Let us consider the circumstances. Mr. Baldwin had the first word and, with great cleverness, got the ear of the meeting. He shifted his ground; he poured oil into troubled minds; he flattered and cajoled; he trod more delicately than Agag ever did. Nothing was settled; they all shared many apprehensions together; the White Paper had behind it a united Cabinet and a united Government of India ("INCLUDING", in capitals, "THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF"); it was supported by all (or, in small type, NEARLY ALL) the men on the spot who are now on the spot (with jobs to keep and salaries to earn and threats all round them). Yet, oddly enough, in spite of all these perfections, it was not sacrosanct; the Select Committee were examining it and Rhadamanthus was a bye-word of complacency by comparison with the Select Committee. So, my Lords, ladies, and gentlemen, I give you the toast of Unity—of Unity and Loyalty—which you may drink, on my assurance, without the slightest fear of committing yourselves to any course of which, in the final analysis, you may disapprove.

The Special Pleader

It was a clever piece of special pleading, at one point almost intellectually dishonest, when Mr. Baldwin challenged his opponents to produce the names of supporters comparable in weight and influence to those whom he had marshalled.

A Horrid Minority Such a list can be produced. Lady Houston has produced some names in her pamphlet and there are many others, even though to ask for a name is to ask a man to risk a career. But, despite its cleverness and its soft sawder, Lord Lloyd and Lord Carson (who made brilliant, closely reasoned speeches) and Mr. Churchill (whose hard hitting provoked his enemies to noisy fury and Mr. Baldwin to a heated interjection) took with them more than a quarter of the meeting.

**

So there we are. Mr. Baldwin has had his victory. But he gave evidence of wholesome fright and he did not dare to ram the White Paper intact down the throats of his audience. The rebellion has had a large success and it is gathering force all the time in the constituencies. This is only one of the earliest rounds in a bitter fight and we, who have rebelled, will yet save India from Irwinisation, the Empire from disruption, and England from dishonour. As for more personal issues, no one need envy Mr. Baldwin. The leader of a party whose personal ascendancy cannot prevent such a vote at such a meeting, who knows the local associations to be thoroughly disaffected, and who must rely on dragooning

Leader, Party, and Rebels

members who have elections to fight, seats to lose, and ambitions to be satisfied—such a leader needs a front of brass and the hide of a rhinoceros if he is much longer to cling on.

**

While India was in debate, the pretty game of surrender to Moscow was still being played—rather surreptitiously. The clamour raised by the Prime Minister's impudent gesture in having Litvinoff to lunch has had some effect.

**Supping
with
Satan**

But we are still trading the Embargo for the safety of our two men still held as hostages in Russia; we are still being subjected to the pressure of the engineering trade exerted against every vestige of national dignity. The plain mind might imagine that Litvinoff might have been told to go back to Hell, might have been warned that, unless our men were free in two days, the Embargo would become Prohibition and Prohibition something worse. But that would be Palmerstonian and we live in times of Simony. The plain mind believes it shameful, cowardly, dishonest and sinful to have this truck and trade with the assassins, thieves, and terrorists who have stolen our property, who are our professed enemies in every corner of the earth, who mock the God and persecute the faith in whom we are supposed to believe. And this is National Government, kept in being (Supreme Being?) by Conservative forces!

**

The World Economic Conference has retired to the back pages of the newspapers, and not even the coming of Professor Moley, **Hermes and Moley** trapped out as he may be in the Mephistophelian uniform of an imaginary "brain trust," can revive public interest. War debts and stabilisation were the problems that had to be solved, before any progress could be made, and they have both been shelved till the Greek Kalends. The dollar is nowadays a yardstick like Alice's flamingo: it keeps curling up its neck and altering its length. It is scarcely easier to measure with an ever-varying standard than to draw water in a sieve. As for Professor Moley's visit, the one thing certain seems to be that it is not due to the reasons advanced for it. The simplest-minded can scarcely be expected to swallow the yarn that he has come all across the Atlantic just to tell the delegation what has been happening in the United States while it has been away. It is almost as probable that he has come like Hermes to provide the Conference with "moly," the magic herb, which preserved Odysseus' commonsense in the face of all Circe's enchantments.

**

Reports from Germany show that Hitlerism cannot be regarded as a merely political move-

**Hitler
Madness**

ment: it is a species of fanaticism which is sweeping through the country and shrinks from no extreme. One German indeed compares its outburst to the rise of the Moslem religion. The danger which a blaze of this kind threatens is obvious and mild speeches by the Chancellor on foreign policy mean nothing. The formidable notion of a *bloc* of Nordic peoples can only end in war if it carried to the conclusion at which its supporters are openly aiming. It is easy for the German Government to excite popular opinion by reports of mysterious hostile aeroplanes throwing Communist pamphlets among the people. The country as it is at present seems incapable of resisting any suggestion and religion whether it be Roman Catholic or Protestant has to bow its head before the storm. At least it must be clear to the world that the re-arming of Germany in its present state of mind would be as reasonable as providing a lunatic with lethal weapons.

**

A Nazi Germany means closer relations between Poland and Soviet Russia and negotiations are undoubtedly proceeding between

**The Devil
and the
Deep Sea** these powers, though the report that they have reached a definite conclusion may be premature.

Germany has recently been putting out feelers as to an economic union with the Baltic States and the butter problem with Latvia has been settled by an exchange of 7,000 tons of Lettish butter for 7,000 tons of German beet-sugar. The official tone in Poland towards France has cooled considerably since the signature of the Four Power Pact. The *Gazeta Polski*, the semi-official organ of the Government, remarked a few days ago that "Poland does not doubt the desire and goodwill of France to maintain close relations, but it must be recognised that from the Polish point of view, she has very considerably weakened the possibilities by signing the Four Power Pact." There has certainly been an improvement in Russo-Polish relations and a number of important economic contracts are being concluded. Poland feels she must insure herself against Germany and it is against her that the propaganda connected with the phantom aeroplanes is directed.

**

In Dr. Schacht's negotiations with Germany's creditors a name has suddenly re-emerged, which it might have been thought,

**The
Return of
Kreuger** financiers and politicians would be anxious to forget: that of Ivar Kreuger, once upon a time the world's Match King and supreme financial arbiter. He it was who averted the deadlock of the Hague Conference three years ago and was mainly responsible for the "final" and "successful" solution of the Reparations problem. By waving

the priority of his own 125 million dollars loan to Germany he made the flotation of the Young Loan possible and himself took up a very large block of it. At the time public tribute was paid him in many a country for so generous and so wise an action.

But in 1933 the following problem has arisen : Herr Schacht first proclaimed the suspension of German payments on all her obligations. Then liability in the case of the Dawes Loan was recognised and the Young Loan was by way of following suit. Now, the Swedish creditors claim that if the holders of the Young Loan get something, the holders of Kreuger's loan should be treated in the same way and get the same amount. The argument is a simple one. Kreuger, they say, agreed that the Young Loan should *not* come *behind* his loan but he never agreed that it should come *ahead* of it. The two loans should be considered as ranking *pari passu*, and whatever is left after the holders of Dawes bonds are paid, should be equally divided between Young and Kreuger loan bondholders. In support of their case they quote correspondence exchanged between Kreuger and the then German Minister of Finance as well as statements made at the time by Tardieu and the French Minister of Finance. These documents make curious reading now. But the Swedes undoubtedly have a very strong case.

**

Mr. Lloyd George's statement in his Memoirs that "not even the astutest and most far-sighted

**L. G.
and the
War** statesman foresaw, even in the early summer of 1914, that the autumn would find the nations . . . interlocked in the most terrible con-

flicts" suggests a strange forgetfulness. If he had asked Mr. Clemenceau during the visit of the King and Queen to Paris in 1914, he would have been surely told that war was imminent. "During that visit," writes a correspondent, "I happened to meet in Paris a German friend, a certain Baron, who was there on business. When he returned to Berlin, he said to me; 'War is certain before the end of the year; so we must say goodbye for ever. For you English will be with France and this will be a war like no other: those who fight on opposing sides, even though they are friends, will never be able to forgive. We shall never speak to one another again.' Actually my friend was killed in the early days of the War on the Russian Front."

**

We have seen gratifying and—yes—surprising things in sport this week. We have won a Test

**Up,
the
English !** Match, which the West Indies were kind enough to hand to us by an unreasonably large margin. We have won the Ryder Cup by Easterbrook's last heroic putt. It was a short putt, too;

it was just the kind of putt that Englishmen are apt to miss and Americans are apt to hole in times of crisis. Some of our champions are still alive at Wimbledon, where we have lost any habit of doing very well, and Miss Scriven, who may yet fulfil the promise which always peters out in the English girls who succumb to the malady of "boosting," won a good match against Mlle. Sigart. And the King saw two of his horses win on one day, with a third only beaten by a head, at Newmarket. Not a bad week's play.

**

Dr. E. M. Walker's approaching retirement from the Provostship of Queen's College, Oxford, will cause general regret. His

**The
Provost of
Queen's** active association with the college of which he has been a member for 57 years and a Fellow for over half

a century comes to an end with the Long Vacation. His fine record as scholar, administrator and spiritual pastor and master is known far beyond the precincts of his college and University; his position as the representative of Oxford on the British Universities Mission to the U.S.A. might be regarded as an excursion into diplomacy. His reputation for encyclopaedic learning is the foundation of many good stories. His great kindness and broad humanity, hidden to some extent by a certain outward austerity and aloofness of manner due perhaps to the Provost's poor eyesight, tell of a singularly gentle and generous nature, and Queen's-men all over the world and his many other friends will wish him a long and happy retirement.

**

Is it not time for what they call a "time-honoured practice" to be abandoned—the practice

**Do
The
Boys ?** or habit or convention by which Highest Authority or Eminence visits a school and therefore asks for a day or a week of extra holiday

in honour of the occasion? Circumstances have been changed in fifty years and the considerations that govern convention ought to be changed also. A year or two ago a certain public school, in urgent need of a few hundred pounds to instal a new Electric plant, persuaded Royalty to ask for the usual extra week, and the trick was done—at the expense of the parents, and of the assistant masters who have to keep themselves out of term-time. The practice is, of course, an unintelligent survival from the days when schools and prisons were almost indistinguishable, and any addition to the scanty holidays was a blessed relief. Public school fees are high enough now—as many governing bodies are realising in these hard times—and it would be in the ultimate interests of schools as well as parents to discourage a practice which ought to have died out long ago.

An extremely interesting exhibition is now on view at the Vintners' Hall. It consists of drinking vessels of all types and periods as well as a collection of books and MSS. dealing with the production, sale and consumption of wine.

The Joy of Wine

There are cups of many materials—wood, horn, pewter, ostrich egg-shells, coconut shells, leather, ivory, pottery and silver. Most fascinating of all is the Greek glass found in Cyprus and believed to date from the 5th century B.C. Its shape proves that the Greeks looked for bouquet in their wines; for an exact copy makes an almost perfect brandy glass, concentrating the esters before they reach the drinker's nose, though the opening is rather small for comfort. A fine collection of old English bottles—the earliest dated 1657—is of profound interest to the student of wine, as it illustrates the gradual evolution of the bottle from the humble duties of a pitcher to the honourable privilege of the corked and binned receptacle of a wine of age and nobility.

**

Members of the older Universities must often wonder why, to put it bluntly, London University

A Fresh Start

has been a failure so far. Broadly the answer seems to be that London is too large, and the University too young. In the growth of tradition, which is the life-blood of places of learning, a hundred years is "but as yesterday." Someone ought to have conceived the idea of London as a University City before the poet Southey did so barely a century ago. By that time the city had at least two million inhabitants, mostly illiterate; and a great university must dominate its surroundings. Not that the University of London has not done great work, to which testimony was given on Monday when the foundation stone of what promises to be the most hideous building in London was laid by the King. The University has nearly fifty branches in London and centres throughout the Empire, and as soon as it has a real home of its own, we may hope that it will make a fresh start, and that its second century of life will be marked by fewer mistakes than its first. It has a great foundation to build upon in the fact that its degrees imply a higher intellectual standard than those of any other university in the world.

**

This is the time of the year when optimists rush to the seaside in the hope of absorbing ozone.

The Ozone Fallacy

One wonders who is responsible for the common, but erroneous belief that this gas is to be found by the sea? Hydrogen peroxide there may be, but the "smell of the sea" is probably due to rotting seaweed and in any case it has absolutely nothing in common with that of ozone. This gas, which is an active modification of oxygen, is used

in certain Tube Stations as a disinfectant. It has an unpleasant smell and soon induces headache. The amount present in the atmosphere is incredibly minute; if it were all concentrated in one uniform layer (at the ordinary pressure) this layer would be about a tenth of an inch in height. And, even then, most of this is present in the upper layers of the atmosphere. So, do not go to the seaside for ozone, visit the Underground instead!

**

It would be wise and timely to introduce regulations to control the unchecked lumbering which

The Murder of Trees

has devastated forest tracts every-

where, and not least in England. It is a sad sight to see the state in which a beautiful wood is sometimes left. All the trees are felled, everything which can be sold is sold, and the whole area is left choked with rubbish and in a most unsightly condition. In this country alone about fifty million cubic feet of wood are cut down every year and about an eighth of this is oak, a very slow growing wood. One naturally hesitates to put even greater obstacles in the way of landowners who often find it difficult to meet the excessive taxation from which we all suffer, but we must not allow the uncontrolled wastage of our capital resources. In Germany, it is illegal to cut down a tree without planting one and we might do worse than imitate this excellent (and pre-Nazi) law.

**

Sherlock Holmes and Dr. Thorndike were both dust experts. One remembers with pleasure how

Weeds and Trousers

they traced the movements and habitat of suspects and criminals by studying microscopically a little mud scraped from their shoes or

collected from their hat. But neither of them went as far as Professor Salisbury who recently grew 110 grasses and three dicotyledons from the dust collected in his turned up trousers after a walk on a Hertfordshire common. Professor Salisbury argues from this and other similar examples that man has been one of the principal agents in the distribution of plant life all over the globe. This process is still going on and he estimates that in 1912 we unwittingly imported and sowed about 4 billion weed seeds among the 15,000 tons of grass seeds which we imported.

**

Putting a Match To It

[*Mr. Baldwin has been photographed lighting his notorious pipe directly the critical meeting on India was over.*]

So did it end in smoke, this orators' fight?

He lit his pipe, our leader bluff and hearty;

But as he struck the match, what did he light?

The funeral pyre of the Tory Party!

From Lady Houston—Patriot

[The article that follows was distributed to the critical meeting of the Conservative Central Council on Wednesday, when the vital issue of the Government's Indian policy was put to the test of a ballot. It is, as Lady Houston puts it, a "heart to heart talk," and it rings with sincerity and conviction.—Ed. S.R.]

WHAT is a patriot? "One who loves his native country and is devoted to its welfare" is the Dictionary definition and I am proud of being described—Lady Houston—Patriot—in the *Daily Mail* Year Book.

For a patriot must put love of country always first. Even supposing the Prime Minister of England was my nearest and dearest—the one I loved best in the world—if I were persuaded that his policy was against the welfare of my country—to denounce that policy would, I feel, be the duty I owe to my God—to my Country—to my King and to my conscience—for I believe this is the right and true spirit that should abide in the hearts of us all.

There may be some among you who have not thought so deeply on the subject of the betrayal of India as I have (for that is what it is) and to them I say—with all my heart I plead and beg of you to listen to the men who know India. Men like Rudyard Kipling—Sir Michael O'Dwyer—



poor Ranji, who broke his heart and died when the Viceroy publicly snubbed him for saying how dangerous Home Rule would be for India. And do not listen to these others who know so little in comparison for even Viceroys are only figure heads.

This is a heart to heart talk from one patriot to another. I feel that everyone who receives this message must realise deep down in their hearts—that this White Paper they are being persuaded to believe in against their better judgment, if passed, will be a paper stained with the blood of our own kith and kin in India and those poor Indians who have trusted in us—depended upon us—and believed in us.

This must NOT be a question of personalities—and that is what the "National" Government are trying to make it.

I should be very suspicious if a friend of mine asked me for a vote of confidence in him—it isn't done among friends—why is it done among politicians?

The German Threat to Austria

By Sir Charles Petrie

A FEW weeks ago they were celebrating in Vienna the anniversary of that city's deliverance from the Turks, but to-day the Viennese are wondering who is going to be a second John Sobieski to save them from the Prussians. The new foe is just as relentless as the old; he is proving himself every whit as barbarous; and, worst of all, he is infinitely stronger. It would have been a reproach to all Christendom had the Austrian capital fallen into the hands of the Sultan in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and it will be the disgrace of Europe if it is now occupied by Hitler and his brown-shirted hooligans.

Unfortunately, the Western Powers, that is to say Great Britain and France, have made the same

mistake with regard to the Prussian as to the Turk; in short, they have allowed him to take *le premier pas qui coûte*. Once the Crescent was victorious in the Balkans and Hungary, Vienna was in deadly peril: so when the Habsburgs lost their hold on South Germany, it was only a question of time when the Prussians would endeavour to incorporate Austria in the German Reich. The French and ourselves are paying dearly for our failure to go to the aid of Austria and her South German allies in 1866 when they were attacked by Bismarck.

Even when Germany and Austria were allied during the late war, the former had designs on the latter's independence, and there is plenty of evidence that had the Central Powers proved

victorious Austria would have become a German vassal : the only man who stood out against this was the Emperor Charles, and he lost his throne for his pains. All Hitler has done has been to follow in his predecessor's footsteps, thus proving once more that the new National Socialism is only old Prussianism writ large.

There can be no shadow of doubt but that the danger is very great indeed. The rabble in Vienna and the larger towns is in favour of Hitler, partly because it has been seduced by his racial propaganda, and partly because it wants to riot in the way that the mob in the German towns has been allowed to do. The fallacy that all people of Germanic origin (whatever that may mean) should be united in the German Reich is regarded as an article of faith by many Austrians, and both in the political and economic sphere a nationalism gone mad is the greatest peril to civilisation in Central Europe. In these circumstances, Dr. Dollfuss and his colleagues are experiencing almost as much opposition from their enemies within as from those without.

The defence of Austria against the Nazis is as much the concern of Europe as it was against the Turk. If the Germans get Vienna, they will recommence the old *Drang nach Osten*; Hungary (where the Premier, Gömbös, is already flirting with Hitler) will throw in her lot with them; the Balkans will adopt the same policy; and before many years are past the old dream of a direct Berlin-Byzantium-Bagdad line will have become a reality. When that happens we can bid farewell to that British prestige in the Near and Middle East which is one of the few advantages we gained from the war. Vienna is the first step on the line from Berlin to the Persian Gulf.

To Italy the threat is even more immediate. The

incorporation of Austria in Germany would mean, not only Prussian sentries mounting guard on the Brenner, but Prussian guns dominating Trieste. The system of alliances which Signor Mussolini has built up for his country in the Balkan Peninsula would collapse like a house of cards, and Italy would find her frontiers marching with a Power compared with which the old Dual Monarchy was a shadow. As for the Little Entente of Czechoslovakia, Jugoslavia, and Rumania, its future would be black indeed. France may not, at first sight, appear to be immediately affected, but if Germany scores such a victory in the East as the acquisition of Austria would imply, it would assuredly not be long before Berlin was claiming Alsace-Lorraine, Luxemburg, Holland, and most of Belgium on the ground that their inhabitants are of Germanic race.

If this is to be prevented it can only be by Great Britain, France, and Italy acting together. Their interests are identical, for the same fate threatens them all. Austria, however, must not only be supported, but she must be strengthened. That is to say Vienna must again become the capital of a Danubian State, which shall constitute both a large economic unit and a force capable of resisting German aggression. Lastly, this State must call tradition to its aid, so it must have Otto of Habsburg at its head. Ideas can only be successfully fought with other ideas (mere brute force is of no avail), and monarchical sentiment may well prove to be the only effective weapon against the Nazis : at any rate, democracy has shown itself quite useless.

What Belgium was in 1914, Austria is to-day. If, in defiance of international law, she is allowed to be swallowed up by her voracious neighbour, it will not be long before our turn comes to fight for existence.

Can America Save the World ?

By Richard Law, M.P.

IT was evident, even before its opening, that President Roosevelt must be the master of the World Economic Conference ; and upon his distant nod have hung, and still hang, the grave issues which are being discussed to-day in the Geological Museum. For it was the policies of the United States, financial and economic, which, more than any other factor, brought about the depression ; and it is only through a reversal of them that Recovery, in the accepted sense of the term, is possible. The attitude of the United States, therefore, was seen to be of supreme importance to the Conference. But there has been no reversal of policy. And the President, it has become painfully apparent, is not treating the Conference with any undue seriousness. The personnel of the United States delegation, its lack of unity and its obvious want of authority, all suggest that Washington, unwilling to kill the Conference, is still at no great pains officially to

keep it alive. It is a pity. But it is not necessarily a tragedy.

In a completely rational world, of course, the Conference would have succeeded. It is easy enough to mock the conception which underlies the World Economic Conference ; and yet, essentially, it is a reasonable conception. Everyone knows the fundamental causes of our present distresses ; everyone recognises that Recovery implies certain temporary sacrifices, certain readjustments, all of them more or less painful, as between the various nations. At the Conference table, if anywhere, these adjustments could have been made, these sacrifices undertaken. It only needed that the delegates, and those whom they represent, should have had some sense of reason and some grasp of economic reality. But this condition, apparently so simple, remains unfulfilled. The necessary adjustments are not being made, and, whatever appearance of success the Conference

may be able to achieve, they are not going to be made.

For President Roosevelt, it appears, considers that proposals for currency stabilisation "are not timely." For all practical purposes, therefore, he has wrecked the World Economic Conference. There will be no Recovery. Prosperity there may be again, but it will not be the kind of prosperity which the world knew in those dim years before the War, and to which, for half a generation, we have been struggling back, hopefully and heroically. Recovery, in that sense, is an illusion. Franklin Delane Roosevelt has seen to that. But it would be childish to throw all the blame upon the Americans. If it had not been President Roosevelt it would have been somebody else—Mr. Chamberlain, M. Jaspar, or even M. Trip. To each one of the delegates some proposal or other must, ultimately, have been "untimely." It is the merest chance that the American objection was first, and was fundamental. And, besides, it was not simply obtuseness on the part of the President. His attitude, however inconvenient, was logical enough, granting his premises. And indeed it was almost inevitable.

The President's attitude towards the World Economic Conference, and his peculiar difficulties in regard to it, are well enough known by now. The basis for any tangible success at the Conference is some kind of *de facto* stabilisation of currencies; without that it is difficult to see how there can be any agreement on tariffs or upon exchange restrictions. Currency stabilisation is the fundamental condition of success. But the President's domestic policy depends, equally fundamentally, upon the instability of currencies. He must, if he is to succeed in his domestic policy, be able to retain a free hand to value the dollar in terms of commodities (and therefore in terms of other currencies) as he sees fit. That is the President's dilemma. Its nature is familiar. Its implications are not, I think, so perfectly understood.

It is difficult, at the best of times, for an Englishman to regard the United States of America with any satisfactory degree of objectivity. Nearly always there is a sentimental attachment to the fact of America, or else a passionate and completely illogical reaction against it. And so to-day President Roosevelt is pictured, on the one hand, as a good man sinning against the sacred light of Anglo-American co-operation, and on the other as a kind of pantomime demon, compounded in about equal parts of malice, selfishness and an inferiority complex, who in the best tradition of his office has once again exploited the innocence of Europe only to betray it. On either side it is assumed, quite rightly, that President Roosevelt has wrecked the World Economic Conference. But it is assumed further, and perhaps on insufficient evidence, that he has destroyed all prospect of international co-operation. It is at least possible that he has made international co-operation, not more difficult, but easier. President Roosevelt has killed the World Conference. It is just conceivable, however, that he may have saved the world.

For if there is an opposition, as to means, between London and Washington there is complete sympathy so far as the end is concerned. President Roosevelt is determined to raise commodity prices. So, also, is Mr. Chamberlain. If there is any valid distinction between the two governments it is simply this: the one is prepared to act, single handed if necessary, upon its determination; the other is not. President Roosevelt, in short, is ready and, owing to the peculiar situation of his country, able to embark upon an experiment of far-reaching and, indeed, incalculable consequence. If the experiment is successful the whole world will reap the benefit. If it fails America must bear the brunt of failure. We cannot, perhaps, influence the result, but at least we can watch the experiment with sympathy. And we can admire the courage of a man who is willing, and able, to shoulder such a vast burden of responsibility, and wish him well.

"Yard Sticks" and the British Navy

By Captain Bernard Acworth, R.N.

SINCE the British Navy has become, for the first time in its history, the sport, if not the chief target, of International Peace Conferences, it is hardly surprising that it should have shrunk not only to a shadow of its former strength, but to a fraction of its minimum needs as a bulwark for the defence of Great Britain's food supply and trade, and for the protection of this Island and its great Dependencies from invasion.

The Navy, once admittedly the greatest factor making for peace and stability in a quarrelsome world, is now widely regarded as a threat to the peace of the world which can be maintained more

surely, it seems, by gesture than by strength. The Two-Power standard, formerly regarded, and accepted by the world, as a reasonable criterion of British Naval supremacy, has been whittled away to something considerably less than a One-Power standard when the all-important factor of personnel is considered. Judged from the point of view of our maritime responsibilities, Great Britain is now maintaining a Navy immeasurably less than a One-Power standard, for it is apt to be overlooked that the 15 battleships and 50 cruisers which Geneva permits us to maintain by 1936, represent the combined sea-power of Great Britain, India, Australia, Canada, the South African Union and

the Crown Colonies. Furthermore, our battle fleet is largely obsolete, and of the 50 cruisers, seventeen will be "over-age" and worn out by 1936.

The extravagance of the Naval Estimates for so small a fleet, so shrunken a personnel, and so modest a building programme, is largely due to the great cost of repairs to a Navy rotting from the bottom. The cost of repairs to H.M.S. "Barham" alone amounts, this year, to over £1,000,000.

It is not, however, the almost fantastic reductions in our ships and men which constitute the most disquieting aspect of the Geneva "powwows." So long as British Governments insist upon treating the Navy as a platform for gesturing and posturing, our depressed maritime position must continue to be, as in the past it has been, accepted loyally by Naval Officers. What they are entitled to condemn, and with no uncertain voice, is the Geneva "yard stick" which has imposed upon the few British ships built since the War mathematical restrictions which have grievously affected our Naval material and efficiency. The two grotesque looking battleships, Nelson and Rodney, owe their most extravagant features, and crushing cost, to the Washington Treaty which allowed Great Britain 70,000 tons of battleship replacement tonnage while limiting the number of ships to two. Had the Admiralty built smaller and less costly vessels they could still have built two only. France and Italy, with the logical Latin mind, refused to accept such absurd rules, and instead retained their freedom to build as many ships as they thought fit within the prescribed total tonnage limit.

The 15 Washington cruisers, which have cost the Nation approximately £30,000,000, are floating-indictments of the "yard-stick" which compelled British cruisers to be of a precise tonnage, and of precise numbers. The restriction on the number of cruisers allowed in 1936, coupled with the hard and fast rule of the London Treaty that replacement tonnage was to be precisely 91,000 tons, is mainly responsible for the design of the Leanders which are costing £1,650,000 a piece, approximately the cost of the great 17,000 ton 12 in. gun battleship "Dreadnought."

Mercifully, from now onwards, we are free of "yard stick" rules unless Geneva, in its maritime wisdom, reimposes them.

In the very near future the Nation will have to decide whether the design of British men-of-war is to be governed by political opportunism or by British maritime needs. Great Britain's need is not a few floating mastodons and a handful of high speed cruising "greyhounds," but a fleet composed of a great number of robust, well-armed and well protected ships, of moderate speed and tonnage, and thus of cost. All sensible people, and therefore Naval Officers, deprecate competition in Naval Armaments. If agreed limitation of the relative strengths of Navies is politically desirable, such limitations should surely be based upon the *Total tonnage* of each Navy, with recovered freedom of design, and the abolition of restrictions on numbers and classes of ships.

It need hardly be said that any limitation on the

total tonnage of the Navy of the British Empire should be sufficiently generous to ensure that we can maintain sufficient cruisers to guarantee the integrity of our sea borne food and trade in any conceivable emergency. Such a guarantee can only be secured by convoy which entails a very large number of suitable trade defence vessels in which extreme speed is not required. Whereas Great Britain's requirements in ships of the line are in large measure *relative*, her cruiser needs are *absolute*. The cast iron "yard stick" rules on the individual tonnage of men-of-war are the chief cause of the British Navy's dependence, now absolutely complete, upon foreign sea borne oil instead of upon a native fuel less than half the price, and under our own control. Can we doubt that in future construction British ships will be designed to burn coal or oil, as were our earlier ships, a freedom involving the right to increase slightly the tonnage to allow for coal.

The designer of a British cruiser rigidly limited to a precise tonnage is apt to be led to consider weight and space before all else, and it is largely owing to this fact that the strategical and economic advantages in the use of British fuel have been sacrificed for the sake of the saving of a few hundred tons in weight.

For 20 years the Navy has been dominated by that materialism which now rules supreme at Geneva. Freedom from this crushing materialism will have been achieved when the ships of the British Navy are once again designed to harmonise with our maritime needs rather than with the exigencies of political opportunism.

Freedom, for the vindication of which the Navy exists, is impossible if the motive power of our ships, mercantile as well as naval, is controlled by those whose financial or political interests may be at variance with the free operation of the British Fleet.

"Once in the Mirrored Pools . . ."

Once, in the mirrored pools which are your eyes,
I saw a little unborn thought arise,
A wordless question dawn;
And as a startled fawn
Comes gently fearful to the water's edge
And in the leafy sedge
Stands hesitantly poised for instant flight,
So from behind the screen your lashes made
I saw a little trembling thought that night
Look forth afraid.

And then you smiled—and o'er the mirror's face
I watched a thousand laughing ripples race
As though fear had not been—
Leaving no trace
Of the mute questioning, the strange surmise
That I had seen.

And so I took your hands, and one by one
Kissed every slender finger, thus to hide
From your swift thoughts the secret I had won;
Fearing to see you gaze again, wide eyed
Down the dim years, I bent my glance aside
Lest you should see that which your eyes had
shown
Reflected in my own.

MARY PARDOE.

The Machine and The Farmer

By J. E. Newman

NO beliefs have been regarded as more axiomatic than those which held that we must import the bulk of our food or starve, and that our agriculture particularly in cereal growing was hopelessly handicapped by our climate, which made it impossible to adopt the methods used overseas.

These dogmas may have been true in the past, but we are now in a period of rapid evolution from an agriculture whose practices were founded on hand labour and the use of animals as the sources of power and fertility, to an agriculture employing mechanical power, machinery, and chemical manures.

This new agriculture is on a different basis from the old and has greater possibilities. A man with a tractor can plough more in an hour than before he could in a day. A small gang of men can save 30 to 40 acres of hay in a day, and the hay will not be touched by a pitchfork before it is on the rick. Not only are the old operations speeded up, but new ones are possible. The Combine harvester, which has revolutionised grain growing overseas, is being used successfully in England and Scotland. In combination with a grain dryer it cuts out the worst of the weather risks at harvesting time, and turns our climate into an advantage instead of a handicap.

Animal husbandry is also being affected. The heavy work of ensilage making can be greatly eased by the use of tractor power. The milking machine, new methods of housing pigs and poultry, are all labour and time savers. Two men can look after four thousand hens. This catalogue of labour saving possibilities might be enlarged, but enough has been said to show that unless there were compensating factors, the effect of the adoption of machinery would merely be a drastic cutting down of labour, and further depopulation of the countryside.

But if the use of power in agriculture allows of growing economically crops which otherwise could not be grown either economically or at all, of intensified production, and of making use of land which it would have been impossible to have brought into cultivation by the old methods, then the case is different. Then labour displaced elsewhere is absorbed, or extra labour is required.

These things are all being done, and their doing is dependent on the use of power-operated machinery. On Welsh hills caterpillar tractors are transforming almost barren waste into useful grazing land. In Norfolk heath land, which had never known cultivation, has been made to grow good crops of sugar beet and barley after being deeply ploughed by powerful tractors. Open air dairying is carried on on land which would have been regarded, before its introduction, as quite unsuitable for milk production.

The Promise of Science

The special harvesting machinery used in the pea canning industry is another case. Much land

now carrying poor grass, if farmed with tractors and combines, could be made to produce useful cereal crops and would employ more labour than it does now. Vastly more when the labour required to produce the necessary equipment is considered. But greater possibilities lie in the development of the drying of hay and forage crops. Taking one year with another, it is doubtful if half of the food value of the grass which is turned into hay gets into its consumers' stomachs.

Artificially dried hay contains practically 100 per cent. of the nutrient value of the original grass, vitamins included, and cows fed on it produce milk and cream of the same quality as produced when they are eating summer grass.

Remembering that much of the grass land could under better management, aided by intelligent use of tractor cultivation, produce far more than it does now, it is apparent that as soon as commercial drying machines are available—and there are no technical or scientific difficulties in the way of their production—we could more than double our cattle population.

Hope for Small Farmers

Incidentally, more coal would be required for the dryer furnaces than is exported to Denmark. In artificial drying of clovers grown in rotation with cereals may be found the means of joining up modern grain growing with winter meat production.

All these things will require labour; and if only there is sufficient demand for the food which it is technically possible to produce there is no reason to fear depopulation of the countryside. Nor is there any reason to think that the small farmer, to whom the pneumatic tyred tractor can bring the benefits of handy power, will be wiped out, though the size of arable farms will tend to increase. Apart from economic considerations, tractors and machinery remove much of the drudgery from farm work, and will help to keep many young men in the country, who otherwise would drift into the towns.

A country whose geological formation is so varied and intricate as England's is bound to have an equally varied agriculture. Talk of making it an all grass country, except for the small area needed for vegetables, is as unnecessary as the fear that machinery, if given its head, would turn it into a small Saskatchewan.

What is needed is a recognition of the all round possibilities of the new agriculture which does its work with power, and makes all the sciences its helpmates. If given the chance and a little time, and not shackled with trade agreements, it could go far towards feeding England.

Music and Musicians By Herbert Hughes

DEBUGSYISM has so far receded into the past that to talk of it now is like talking of some dead and half-forgotten thing. As a subject of controversy its reverberations had already ceased when Claude-Achille Debussy—who had himself so often tried to escape from it—was buried at Père-Lachaise in March, 1918, during the last German offensive. The French newspapers and the French people were interested in other things when the tiny funeral procession was making its way across Paris, from west to east, during the bombardment. An ironical fate for an artist so aloof and reserved.

It had not required Big Bertha to blow Debussyism to smithereens; it had died, like anti-Debussyism, of fatigue, exhausted by its own fatuities. M. Léon Vallas, in his elaborate study of the French composer*, has refocussed that interesting epoch not (as he might well have done) from the viewpoint of one standing in the middle of Europe to-day but from that of one who has been standing in the middle of Paris since the nineties and has heard nothing much later than *Pelléas et Mélisande*. Being so palpably true and well-informed, so loyal and sympathetic and sincere, it could hardly in the circumstances quite escape distortion. M. Vallas has been so desperately anxious to leave nothing unsaid about the composer and his works that one finds oneself turning over three or four pages at a time to get at the real Debussy, or even at the real M. Vallas.

French Criticism

One has the right to expect from a writer of this eminence a book that all the world may read. It is one of the oldest of truisms that the first manifestation of original art is generally provocative; people quickly divide themselves into two main camps, for and against, and there may be snobs and sycophants and incompetent hangers-on in each. This does not require underlining. And in an authoritative book of this kind—the absence of an index by the way is inexcusable—it is sheer waste of time to quote, thirty to forty years after the event, the *ipsissima verba* of nonentities writing in the *Gaulois*, the *Petit Journal*, *Figaro* and other papers simply because they failed to recognise a genius when they met one. The perception of those who did is all to their credit, even if some of their criticisms read like testimonials, but hardly a matter of profound significance.

It is the work itself and the survival of the work that matter; contemporary praise or dispraise is too often over-rated and can be discussed (if really necessary) in a few short paragraphs. What one misses in this volume is the biographical touch. M. Vallas has purposely avoided discussing Debussy's private affairs and hints at a mystery regarding the identity of his two god-parents which will one day be cleared up.

* Claude Debussy: His life and Works. Trans. by Maire and Grace O'Brien. Oxford Univ. Press. (21s.).

The Curse of Doctrine

Haughty and aloof as he was, Debussy was extremely sensitive to criticism and he had a particular detestation of doctrines, as of Debussyism. Occasionally he hit back hot and strong, and when he became for a time a journalist himself he was able in the columns of *Gil Blas* to give expression to views extremely personal to himself. Like so many creative artists he was embarrassed by his disciples. One group of these thought it worth while to make a minute study of his harmonic "system," carefully dissecting "*Pelléas*" and other works in order to evolve some academic explanation of this new art. Their leader, René Lenormand, went so far as write a thesis entitled *Étude sur l'harmonie moderne* which he submitted to Debussy for his opinion. Debussy's reply, quoted here, is characteristic of his contempt for all the classifications and systems into which certain people insisted on forcing what they called his aesthetics:

"It is all quite correct," he wrote, "and almost mercilessly logical. You evidently received the somewhat ironical impression that all these experiments, all these colours, plunge one eventually into a state of alarm from which one emerges with a note of interrogation firmly implanted like a nail in one's brain. Whether you intended it or not, your essay is a severe censure of modern harmony. There is something almost savage about your quotations of passages which, being necessarily separated from their context, can no longer justify their 'curiousness.' Think of all the inexpert hands that will utilise your study without discrimination, for the sole purpose of annihilating those charming butterflies which are already somewhat crumpled by your analysis. Well, so much the worse for the dead, and for the wounded that will be despatched in this wise"

Debussyism has gone the way of other half-baked cults, but the music of Claude Debussy, limited as it is in range and perhaps over-refined, remains, to be regarded in the opinion of more than one French critic, as an expression of the national genius, no less genuine than Watteau Fragonard or Houdon. When one remembers the operations of the International Society for Contemporary Music, good and bad, one has no difficulty in endorsing the opinion of M. Gaston Carraud, expressed just after Debussy's death, that even if the art that follows should turn aside from him (which it was soon to do) it can never be what it was before he came.

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The R.A.F. Display 1933

By "Barnacle"

THE display of flying skill and air-fighting methods given by the Royal Air Force last Saturday at Hendon was better worth seeing than any of its fourteen predecessors. This was not because the spectacle provided was more thrilling, or the organisation more perfect than on former occasions. The great merit of the 1933 "Air Pageant," as it has come to be called, lay in the fact that it was carried through with little curtailment in just about the worst weather that June can produce. So low were the clouds and so bad was the visibility that at times, the aeroplanes appeared overhead for only a few seconds before disappearing into the murk again. At one period the aerodrome was covered with birds that appeared to be finding the weather too bad for flying, whilst men were demonstrating their mastery of the air above their heads. That the officers in charge could place sufficient confidence in their subordinates to sanction their carrying out almost the entire programme is a matter on which the whole force is to be congratulated.

Braving the Elements

The spirit of dash and *élan* shown by the pilots somehow seemed to communicate itself to the spectators, and to dispel for them the November-like gloom of the atmosphere. Though coatless and drenched to the skin, even the newspaper sellers were infected. One of these raised a hearty laugh from people in his vicinity when he changed his cry to "Mackintoshes and umbrellas, a penny—paper!" Many took his hint, and a few members of the fair sex went one better in designing some quite charming paper hats that gave protection to the more expensive creations beneath.

The formation aerobatics were a revelation, the more so as the leaders, who on this occasion literally held the lives of others in their hands, were deprived of sight of the earth at frequent intervals, and could see no horizon from which to judge their movements. Streaming goggles, and rain-swept wind-screens must have been a severe handicap. The only pity is that, air-minded though we are becoming, there were a few onlookers who failed to appreciate all that they saw. There was the impossible person, for instance, who wondered why they ever did formation flying without ropes to hold the machines together. This remark was a-propos of the new stunt in which three planes, roped together in V formation roll completely over together, maintaining their relative positions without severing the ties. This manœuvre calls for the very highest skill and nerve. Actually, one of the ropes was broken, but that was when three groups of three planes were rolling simultaneously as a squadron.

The excellence of the flying went to show that our pilots have every confidence in their machines and the men who maintain them. There has evidently been a great advance in technique in the

last few years, and in this aspect of the display there were several items of interest to be seen. Two of the machines that took part in the fly-past had engines, working on the Diesel principle, in which there are no electrics to go wrong. Most of those who have had experience with motor cars will appreciate what that means. Besides giving promise of increased reliability, these engines are heralds of the not far-distant time when the risk of fire following a crash will be negligible, for the fuel they burn is far less inflammable than petrol.

Silence in the Air

Also in the fly-past was a Fairey IIIF which is being employed for experiments in silencing. Even those who dislike flying on principle—and regrettably there are many such—must wish well of this enterprise. A quiet aeroplane that will not catch fire if it crashes will be a definite asset to both civil and military aviation. Such a machine would become a serious competitor with surface transport if it could land and take off in restricted spaces. This naturally brings us to the three comic turns, the Autogyro, the Gugnunc, and the Pterodactyl, which gave their usual diverting display of floating around at next-to-no miles-an-hour. We have got so used to these three that we are apt to forget to ask what they are for, and whether they are leading. In view of the pressing need for planes that will take off and land in small fields and meadows, it seems surprising that more and larger machines of these types are not being turned out by aircraft manufacturers. Of the three, the autogyro would appear to be the prototype of the air-hack of the future, for unlike the others it does not depend on forward speed for "lift." The whirling rotor above the pilot's head can raise the machine into the air while it is practically stationary on the ground.

Flying Ships

The appearance of the big flying boats which, contrary to the general expectation, succeeded in finding their way to Hendon through the gloom, was most impressive. With the help of a little imagination, the six-engined Short boat, conjures up visions of real flying ships of the future.

It was a pity that no flights from the Fleet Air Arm were able to participate. It is understood that they are all about their business at sea, and that naval occasions will not permit of their being ashore at this time of the year.

It is to be hoped that next year the luck of the Royal Air Force will hold, for bad weather must have a serious effect upon the profits taken for charity. If it is any consolation to our Airmen, they can rest assured that for many of their guests, the shocking conditions that prevailed this year enhanced the interest of the entertainment as well as the reputation of the service.

A Few Reflections on the B.B.C.

By C. E. Bechhofer Roberts

IT has been my fate for the past three years, as the inhabitant of a somewhat remote farmhouse seven miles from a shop, a station or a cinema, to find myself largely dependent on the B.B.C. for my evening news and, occasionally, for my evening recreation. In consequence I have done a good deal of listening in and, since the opportunities for bewilderment and annoyance are so many, I have pondered much on the mentality of the B.B.C. and tried to work out what sort of mind it is which is responsible for their programmes.

I do not suggest that any individual is responsible for the B.B.C.'s outlook: no doubt Sir John Reith has a great deal to do with it, but he must be influenced by his colleagues and advisers; and anyhow I should not like to think so meanly of any fellow-creature as I do of the general intelligence of the B.B.C. Let me try instead to suggest some of the features which make the B.B.C. so repulsive to anybody except the small clique who, I presume, agree with its outlook.

1.—The B.B.C. voices a peculiarly tiresome form of pacifistic Liberalism. It is not the robust Liberalism of some of my friends: it is a whining, bloodless pecksniffery, full of words and wind and empty of all real meaning. To take a typical example, one might suppose that the only way to prevent a European War is for a collection of windbags to make long dull speeches at Geneva. But is it not a fact that, except for the two wars precipitated by Germany in 1870 and 1914, the commonsense of mankind has kept Europe—except the semi-Asiatic Balkans—out of war for the past three-quarters of a century? Only the B.B.C. spokesmen seem to think that a couple of disingenuous speeches by German politicians will destroy the German lust for power; only the B.B.C. supposes that a few catchwords are more powerful than the commonsense of the more civilised populations of Europe. So almost nightly some sententious speaker tells me that at last peace is permanently secured because somebody has said "We accept the formula, with reservations." Meanwhile intelligent French and English ambassadors are presumably securing peace by countering German schemes for re-armament.

2.—The B.B.C. invariably adopts a middle course in home politics. If one party says a thing is black and the other says it is white, the B.B.C. assures me unctuously that it is grey. I do not blame the B.B.C. for walking delicately over disputed territory: in a year or two it may find a different government in power, and it would be scandalous if the B.B.C. merely reflected Parliamentary majorities. But why pretend that its attitude is anything but a prudent compromise? Why pretend that it, and it alone, presents the true standpoint?

3.—Every journalist, every author and every theatrical producer knows that the hardest thing

in the world is to try to write down to the intelligence of one's least intelligent audience. Yet daily the B.B.C. attempts this task, and fails. Its variety programmes, for example, would be hissed off the stage of a village concert-room. Its light music would be sneered at by a corner-house crowd. Its lectures, with occasional exceptions—these exceptions consisting almost entirely of such technical themes as gardening or deep-sea fishing, etc.—are insulting to any community which has access to free libraries or even to daily newspapers. Its discussions, always between two or more gentlemen with their tongues in their cheeks, are so maddeningly unreal and rehearsed that the listener's gorge rises. Why not scrap the lot? Or, if the B.B.C. must regard itself as a kind of evening school for elementary schoolboys, why not employ a few expert journalists to set out all aspects of a subject in a simple and dispassionate manner?

4.—Of its dramatic attempts there is really no need to complain, because ninety-nine listeners out of a hundred switch off the moment these begin. But has anybody ever heard such pathetic tosh as the B.B.C.'s attempts at humour, at pathos, at tragic tension? Amateurism of amateurs, all is amateur in these broadcasts. Why not cut them out, unless some play arises in the outside theatres which can be adapted to the microphone?

5.—Opera. The other evening an announcer prefaced a performance of a single act of a Wagnerian opera with what he called a "brief" account of the plot. The brief account lasted for five or ten minutes and was wholly unintelligible. Surely the better thing to do would have been to broadcast the whole opera, with a really brief summary of the story. Why is the B.B.C. public supposed to be incapable of hearing the whole of an opera, especially when it has always an alternative programme of "light music" or vaudeville? This is one of the most flagrant attempts of the B.B.C. to appeal to the better feelings of the worse sections of its audience. Why not forget the educative propagandist idea and broadcast the opera properly and fully? I am certain that the best type of education, if we must be educated by these conceited half-wits, is to offer the public the best and to let the public learn to like or reject it.

6.—Concerts. Here I have little complaint to make. Whoever is responsible for the more serious musical programmes that are broadcast is certainly a person of taste and intelligence. Can he not reason with his colleagues, however, and stop them turning his concerts into an excuse for continuation-school lectures? When I want to know how smooth, how witty, how clever, how ethereal a composer is, I will tune in for a lecture on that composer. I do not want professorial bromides before, during and after my concert.

Of the lists of birthdays which are a permanent feature of the children's hour I do not trust myself to write.

SHORT STORY

Heaven Without End

By Elizabeth Wynn

MRS. LLUFFINGTON-JONES lay in her bed, her hands folded meekly across her breast. Her turned-up nose, that in life had always seemed to be smelling out evil, now pointed significantly to the roof of the four-poster bed which she had shared for thirty faithful years with the Reverend Lluffington-Jones. Her children, who had bowed before her in life, bowed equally to the inevitability of her death. They had left her there alone, encased in the same rigid pride in which she had walked in life.

Death had taken her before her time. Perhaps too much of her energy had been spent in the tireless search for evil, and the ruthless efforts to uproot it throughout her husband's parish.

The room was very quiet. No sound of the daily life, still flowing, though sluggishly now in the house below, penetrated to this chamber of death. Two candles burnt on the mantelpiece flickering in the draught that stole between the closed shutters, and throwing grotesque shadows on the upturned face.

Outside the house the fields lay white and stiff beneath a six weeks' frost, and the trees bowed motionless like shrouded ghosts. Now and then through the silence came the sharp snap of a branch breaking beneath its weight of snow: It was Christmas Eve. Down in the huddled cottages below the Church the villagers decked their mantel-shelves with bits of holly and yew, and talked of the Rector's lady. She had made a good death, they said, but it would be a hard burying this weather.

A smile flicked over the lips of the Rector's lady. She rose from her bed and floated upright in the room, her tall thin figure appearing taller than usual in the long white garment that covered her. The curtain by the window shifted slightly, and the Angel whom she was expecting stood waiting by the dressing-table.

" You are late! " said Mrs. Lluffington-Jones, a note of censure in her voice.

The angel bowed gravely. His face was as still and expressionless as the stone faces of those angels who watched over the more prosperous of her dead parishioners in the graveyard below the house. Only his eyes gazed at her with a dark fathomless scrutiny that might have daunted a lesser spirit. The righteousness of Mrs. Lluffington-Jones was equal to this or any other ordeal. Instinctively she stretched out her hand to straighten the dressing-table cover, against which one of the angel's wings had brushed, but her fingers slipped shadow-like and helpless through the air.

" Of course, I am a spirit now, " she reflected, " and must grow accustomed to my new state. " And she glanced with pity at the white form that still lifted the contours of the sheet on her bed.

Then she turned once more to the waiting angel.

" Isn't it time to go? " she asked briskly.

Again he bowed, but no words came from the graven lips.

" Well, then, " said the lady with decision, " let us be off, with no more delay. "

It seemed she had scarcely spoken before they were floating side by side through space. As the white pointed roofs of the village and the more darkly looming mass of the Church tower slipped away beneath them she wondered if any among the villagers might chance to witness her translation to heaven. Perhaps old Dent, the village cobbler and atheist, would gaze up and be converted. With meeksatisfaction she noted the way her gown trailed modestly below her feet. For a little while a thin powdery snow eddied about them, and then there was nothing—nothing but darkness without end, in which the only light seemed to come faintly from the angel herself.

All her life Mrs. Lluffington-Jones had been used to much speaking, both in public and in private, and she felt it her duty now to take the lead in conversation. There was so much she wished to know. Her face, yearning upward, seemed as though it would pierce the darkness with its sharp inquisitive nose.

" Have we far to go? " she asked.

" That is for you to say. " The angel's voice came at last, as grave and expressionless as his face.

" But where do we go first? "

" That also is for you to say. "

Mrs. Lluffington-Jones hesitated. Heaven was the obvious answer, but to point this out to an angel might seem like presumption.

" Do you not know already where I belong? " she asked.

" I am the servant of your thoughts, " said the angel, and his voice was sad and remote as though coming from another world.

" Well, then, " said the lady with some impatience, " let us go straight to heaven. "

" It must be as you say, " said the angel.

In the ensuing silence she could not tell if their flight lasted only for a moment, or whether she fled for aeons of time through an eternity of darkness with this graven figure of an angel for her sole companion. The nothingness about her weighed upon her and encompassed her, as though beyond it must be something she could lay hold upon and understand.

" Is this the road to heaven? " she cried.

" This is your heaven, " said her companion, and as he spoke they ceased to move and the darkness gave way to a vast grey light devoid of shadow. In the space about them the forms of

angels crystallised, and she became aware of host upon host of angelic beings, with wings and flowing robes, crowned and singing, complete in all their details. Their faces were pale and mask-like, as though the sculptor who had graven them had left them thus unfinished. They stretched with wings curved upwards like white flames in wave upon moving wave beyond her sight, lost in a final and far-distant blaze of light from which she had to turn her eyes. Her companion stood with bowed head beside her.

"Should I not go before the Judge?" she asked him.

"You are the only Judge, as you were upon earth."

Against her will her thoughts became words, and she spoke aloud in a voice that seemed to echo through all the space of heaven.

"I have led a pure and upright life, always seeking for evil upon earth that I might destroy it!" There was no answer to her cry, but it seemed that a moment's stillness fell upon the angels.

Mrs. Lluffington-Jones began to fear that with no company but angels, heaven might prove wearisome.

"Where are the others?" she asked. Even as she spoke there came within the radius of her vision a host of well-known faces—Aunt Sara Lluffington, Cousin Annabelle Jones, the Bishop of Ruralminster, the Dean of Marshallham—their greeting floated up to her across the vast grey space, they grimaced and nodded at her, but no words came from their lips. There was something vacant and unreal about them, as indeed about the whole of heaven.

"And where is Hell?" she asked at last, in a determined voice.

For the first time a tremor seemed to pass across the angel's face, and his voice was stern.

"Your hell is here, too," he said.

It seemed they did not move, but the grey light gave place to darkness, and then to a dawning rosy glow that led softly from her feet downwards. She gazed down, over some kind of immense wall, and beheld far below her the hell of her dreams. In the light of flames that flickered with unearthly radiance she recognised the faces of those whom she had consigned to hell while still on earth.

"That Smith girl never could keep straight, though I did my best to persuade old Howe to make her an honest woman," she reflected; "and as for Letitia Foley, I always knew her youngest wasn't her husband's child. But how can young Hugh Trevor still walk there with Farmer Watkins' girl?" Again her thoughts took form aloud, echoing and re-echoing across the spaces of hell as though tossed backwards and forwards from one mocking flame point to another. "Poor things! Poor things!" she cried hastily. "How they must suffer!" She turned to the angel. His face had grown stern and terrible, his eyes glowed from out of his paleness as though they too were on fire.

"It was you who sent them to your hell!" he cried.

"They have their deserts, poor things!" she said, and bent over the wall to see more clearly.

The flames grew brighter, leaping and interweaving in changing hues of indescribable beauty, seeming to caress the forms they held among them.

Mrs. Lluffington-Jones cried out in horror: "They are smiling—they are happy!"

"You cannot take their happiness from them, as you did upon earth," said the angel. "Look close—more closely still!"

She bent lower, her gaze seeming to fall through endless space until she was almost face to face with them. There was a strange radiance about their forms.

"They are not real!" she cried in horror, mingled with disappointment.

"They are as real as ever they were to you on earth," said the angel.

"But I am too close—I cannot see them clearly!"

"You have never cared to see them clearly upon earth," said the angel, "how then should you see them here?" Even as she strained her eyes to see, their faces blurred and sank back into distance, the flames melted into one another and hid them from her sight. There was a silence between her and the angel.

"Is that all?" asked Mrs. Lluffington-Jones.

"Do you know of anything else?" asked the angel.

"No."

"Then surely there can be nothing else!"

"Then I will go back to my place in heaven."

"Is that your desire?" asked the angel sadly.

"It is my desire, for there at least one will meet the kind of people that one knows."

"Then let it be as you wish," said the angel with compassion in his voice.

The way back to heaven was long, so long that if time there could be measured at all, it would have out-weighed all her life upon earth. Thin shadowy forms moved round about her, staring blankly as thought in greeting. Their faces she recognised as those of her dead relations. Beyond these she passed into the great company of angels with their still, graven faces, and up an endless stairway, up and up beyond all counting, until at length she took her place high above all others, alone upon an empty throne.

"Are you content?" asked the angel, and she saw that he was weeping.

"But is this heaven?" she cried in sudden doubt, looking down upon the crowd of spirits below her, "for in heaven there should be no tears!"

"There are none in your heaven," he said, and slowly faded from her sight. Then a great veil was drawn about her, so that she sat upon her dais enthroned high above all others, quite alone.

"Through a Glass Darkly"

My Philosophy. By Sir Oliver Lodge. Benn.
21s.

The Supernormal. By G. C. Barnard. Rider.
7s. 6d.

[REVIEWED BY A STUDENT OF LIFE]

THE first part of Sir Oliver Lodge's book which he describes as "my pronouncement, probably my final pronouncement, to the world as to what I think of things in general," is concerned with defending the Ether against "the gibes" of modern physicists who have eliminated it in favour of mathematical abstractions. The Ether which one might almost say is more real to Sir Oliver than inanimate matter is necessary for the transmission of energy and it is through the ether that the spiritual world interacts with the material. It is only one step more to attribute to each of us an immortal etheric body, co-existent with the material body. There follows a discussion of spiritualism and its evidence as to the survival of personality.

To the mystic there is something pathetic in the strivings of the Spiritualists after a sign, in their quest for scientific proof of immortality. They ransack the farthest spaces of the universe for the certainty which is at the door of their hearts, and they seek outside themselves the Kingdom of Heaven which is within. Yet there are many ways and the one truth must be expressed in many fashions. So no one will grudge the bereaved the comfort they may find in a few broken words from a medium's lips, which may or may not come from beyond the grave.

Absolute Certainty

There is no scientific proof that the self and consciousness exist, even in this world, and there never can be. Yet every living person is convinced in an absolute sense of his own existence, and nothing in the world, certainly not the Behaviourist school, can persuade him that this conviction is a delusion. Scientists may compare the self to a cask of ancient brandy, which is filled up repeatedly with younger spirit, until it would be a brave man who would swear that it contained more than a drop or two of the original liquid: yet most men looking back can see very clearly that there is a unity behind all experience which is the self.

The certainty of immortality is a conviction of the same order; it comes from within and cannot be weakened or reinforced by etheric bodies, spirit-rappings or mediums. Indeed the writer feels that Sir Oliver's etheric body introduces an unnecessary complication and in so far as it binds us eternally to this space and time, it is simply untrue. Those who have gone back into themselves know that space, whatever it may be, and this time through which we pass are not conditions of the ultimate observer who is the true self and cannot die.

The etheric body reminds one of the hierarchy of spirits, "Thrones and Dominations, Prinedoms, Virtues, Powers," the army of intermediaries, which have been created to span the infinite gulf between the human and the Divine, as if infinity could be spanned by the finite. Their necessity

fades when the Divine within the human is realised. There is an infinite gulf between life and non-life, and it cannot be bridged—indeed the passage is made no easier—by an etheric body. It may be the etheric body exists: magicians speak of the body of light and others of an astral body, but its existence has no real bearing on the problem of survival after death, so that most of us can regard with equanimity the denial of the ether by modern mathematical physicists.

Sir Oliver puts the case for Spiritualism with pathetic moderation. He is aware of the weakness of scientific proof in matters of consciousness. For himself, he has thought out a plan which may possibly prove his survival, but he admits that even in it there may be loopholes for scepticism.

Another Point of View

The most dangerous scepticism which he has to face is well expressed by Mr. Barnard in "The Supernormal." Mr. Barnard is not concerned to deny the reality of spiritualistic phenomena, but he can see no reason to attribute them to the spirits of the departed. He is content to accept ectoplasm, levitation, telepathy, clairvoyance as actual occurrences, and shrinks from nothing, merely because it exhibits powers beyond our understanding. "Impossible," he points out, is a word that has an extremely limited field of useful application. Many things once declared impossible are now universally recognised as true. Many people still remember the dictum of mathematical physics that aviation was impossible. So Mr. Barnard insists on coming to physical phenomena with an open mind.

The general line of his argument may be illustrated by his chapter on Cryptesthesia, which includes clairvoyance, prevision and telepathy. It is the tendency of modern physics to regard all material objects as essentially mental phenomena, "although their substantiality is not in any way negatived by this conception."

Now if this is a tenable view in physics, it suggests that pure telepathy or the perception of ideas in another's mind is not radically different in kind from ordinary perception of material objects. In other words, it becomes quite reasonable to say that clairvoyance, precognition, telepathy and normal perception of the material world round us are so many forms of one and the same thing, namely, perception in general, and differ, not in themselves as attributes of the percipient's mind, but merely in their application to things perceived.

Mr. Barnard's conclusion is that, granted all the supernormal phenomena accepted by the spiritualist, there is no scientific proof that they are due to the action of discarnate spirits. As he puts it:

The survival of personality cannot in any case be demonstrated by physical manifestations, for the whole concept is psychological. We are so used in daily life to meeting and recognising people's bodies and finding that they are vehicles of personality, that we forget that a physical form, however recognisable, is no guarantee for the existence of a psychological personality. The argument for survival must finally be based on purely psychological evidence.

The writer's solution of the problem of life is to be found in a theory of transcendental consciousness: in other words, he falls back on mysticism as the only explanation.

In Praise of England

The Beauty of England. By Thomas Burke. Harrap.

[REVIEWED BY S. L. BENSUSAN]

THE storm caught me unawares, with big rain drops, heavy thunder and lightning that seemed to stab the sky. Then a sudden sun coppered the cloud rim, cuckoo shrilled from drenched woods, and from my shelter under the barn eave that bounds a vegetable garden I saw two whitethroats leading their babies down the bean row to pick up insects. June changed her mood from tears to laughter as grandmother April had taught her. Back in my study, before a small, welcome fire, I turned to Thomas Burke a little enviously, not on account of his good fortune in travelling from end to end of England, for I have shared that pleasure for seven years in succession, but on account of his courage in setting out to tell within the compass of 350 pages the story of England's beauty.

How should one begin? In what district should one seek, and miss, the full story from year's beginning to December's end? Should one start in the furtive lanes of Essex, through East Anglian bye-ways to the rugged beauty of Yorkshire and the imposing outline of Northumberland, stressed and emphasised by the sluggish paces and quiet content of the preceding Fens? You may spend a long season of sheer delight between Epping Forest and Berwick and leave the country unknown.

Follow the southern road from Kent to Cornwall, and time after time you will believe that the world can hold no loveliness more alluring. Then turn to Gloucestershire—did Mr. Burke miss Nailsworth and Avoning?—follow the valley of the Wye and go thence to the Severn and Shrewsbury and the Lake country. Everywhere there is a region of enchantment, tongue and pen must confess their limitations. Turn south through the Midlands, avoiding the centre that industry has defiled with brick and slate, and you may return to your own home feeling that the burden of beauty is more than one poor human can endure. Only bad weather spoils England and in doing so gives us the green mansions that are the heart's desire.

None can do full justice to the gifts with which Nature has endowed any English county, nor can any man know all its beauty spots. For more than thirty years I have tried to know Essex byways, and there are still tracks like the one round White and Abbess Roding to be explored, and until a month ago I had not visited Willingale Doe and Willingale Spain. My acquaintance with Havering-atte Bower, where Edward the Confessor prayed that the nightingales might not disturb his prayers, is but a year old, and I find the birds sing there still. Any man's claim to know England, Wales and Scotland because he has visited every county is but an idle boast; one can but acknowledge humbly and gratefully the charm of "this realm, this England"; and turn in a spirit of devotion to find what Mr. Burke has to tell.

He has ranged far and wide, discovering much treasure. His appreciation lies deeper than well-chosen words can tell, he has been touched by the magnitude and splendour of his task—and for all that he has only skimmed the surface of his theme.

Who shall do justice to England in one book, or for that matter in a lifetime? Wordsworth, who lived long, could make no more than Lakeland his own, Blackmore and Eden Philpotts have not exhausted Devon, Q's pen has lit but a corner of the delectable Duchy, nor could the genius of Thomas Hardy cover the whole of Dorset. Mr. Burke has succeeded in writing a good book because he has remained aware of the limitations his theme imposes. He has given the reader a Kaleidoscopic Vision of England; I find him a discerning companion for wayfaring men.

The Art of the Cinema

Film. By Rudolf Arnheim. Faber and Faber. 15s.

THE new addition to the scanty literature upon the film and its technique has been translated from the German by L. M. Sieveking and Ian Morrow, and its introduction has been written by Paul Rotha, whose two books on the history of the films have been very successful. The author here is primarily concerned with the aesthetic values of the pictures and he has succeeded in elucidating the various components of the new art, so that the man in the street should be able to appreciate quickly what the theorists, and those who have the real interests of the cinema at heart, are striving to attain.

The general public, indeed many of the people who actually make pictures, have not much conception of where the true art of the director and the camera man lies. They do not realise what principles are involved in making a good film because they have never been instructed and, since the introduction of the talking picture, they have been accustomed to rely upon the spoken word rather than upon the work of the camera.

The spoken word has come to stay in the cinema; perhaps also we shall abandon black and white and, when the process has been perfected at a reasonable cost for the exhibitors, we may wake up to find a stereoscopic, instead of a flat, screen. But whether all or any of these processes come to pass, they should, one and all, be subservient to the principles which governed the best of the old silent pictures. These films are discussed at length by Mr. Arnheim and, though I am bound to confess, that I don't agree with all his conclusions, there is plenty of sound sense for the enquiring to grasp.

The real drawback to the book lies in the examples of later films from which the author draws his analogies. When he comes to the talking pictures he mentions hardly any of the recent and important productions. The book should have been brought up to date in this respect, and it is also curious to observe that except for Greta Garbo and Charles Chaplin no screen actress or actor receives any real attention. M.F.

NEW NOVELS

- Everywoman.* By Gilbert Frankau. Hutchinson. 7s. 6d.
Hostages to Fortune. By Elizabeth Cambridge. Cape. 7s. 6d.
Bull's Eye. By Milward Kennedy. Gollancz. 7s. 6d.

[REVIEWED BY ANNE ARMSTRONG.]

PERHAPS if Mr. Frankau had named his book otherwise (and I could have suggested a number of alternate titles which, however, having a proper respect for your feelings, I refrain from putting down here) I could have forgiven him. Perhaps if he had written of the same woman but admitted that she was as unusual as she was wanton and passionate, I could have forgiven him. Even if he had imbued his Olivia with one or two of the finer qualities that make life tolerable I could have remembered that he is, or has been, very readable. As it is—he has written as nasty a story as it has ever been my lot to read about a degraded and beastly woman and then called his horrid concoction "Everywoman."

A lot of us may hanker after adventure, Mr. Frankau, and a good few of us may, at heart, be rakes. But then a good few of us hanker after beautiful and expensive clothes—and very few of us are thieves. I have not reviewed the book yet, but that need take only a few lines. Olivia Sancetti marries an English man of title. She runs away from him and then proceeds to live with every man with whom she comes in contact. (This is an exaggeration—there were a few with whom she was not intimate. But then the book is hardly long enough. . . .) The great love of her life was Richard (with whom of course she periodically re-slept), and he was a member of the British Embassy here, there and everywhere. She manages to hide her "indiscretions" from Richard who is married and, by lying and cheating throughout her entire life, she manages to keep his respect. The whole story takes place in retrospect and alternating with sordid affairs in various places are soulful little cries to her Maker. For Olivia retires from the world for a few weeks and writes her sinful story. Just in time, of course, Richard's wife dies and he wires to Olivia to join him at his Embassy. Just, you see, as Olivia was thinking of retiring from the world and devoting her life to God, and that because she understood that Richard wanted her no longer. The book ends with these lines: "O Richard, Richard, my own darling, whither shall these erring feet lead me? To God? Or to you?"

To go to nicer things. I cannot understand why one has not heard of Elizabeth Cambridge. For she has written a bewitching account of how Catherine brought Audrey and Adam and Bill through childhood to adolescence. Catherine married William, and there were nudges and beckons that this was to be one of those everlasting stories about unhappy marriages, incompatibility and the rest. But the graph was on the up-grade, and Catherine and William fight against all sort of

difficulties and Audrey and Adam and Bill are the result.

And yet it isn't dull and prosy stuff. It's an illuminating modern novel about modern people. And Audrey and Adam and Bill aren't those impossible sort of children who say odd clever things, but just three children that I feel I have met, known, and loved.

Is Elizabeth Cambridge a pen-name or a new star arising? Only do let's have more of her and much more than that. This is an enchanting book.

Mr. Milward Kennedy's detective story "Bull's Eye" has the merit of an entirely new angle and a great sense of humour. All sorts of odd things happen at "Faulconers," but the oddest amongst them all is the behaviour of the detective. Up to the present I have not known Mr. Kennedy as a writer of detective fiction—but that is my fault. I shall hasten to rectify the omission.

The Lord of Life. By Neil Bell. Collins. 7s. 6d.

The Centaur Passes. By Percy White and E. G. Boulenger. Duckworth. 7s. 6d.

Circus Company. By Edward Seago. Putnam. 10s. 6d.

Saint on Holiday. By Geoffrey Dearmer. 7s. 6d.

Stay of Execution. By Eliot Crawshay-Williams. Jarrolds. 7s. 6d.

Gay Go Up. By Barnaby Brook. Howe. 7s. 6d.

Neutral Ground. By Helen Corke. Barker. 7s. 6d.

THE annihilation of life on this planet is an old and fascinating theme. Three main dilemmas have to be faced by the author who adopts it: how the monstrous catastrophe can plausibly be contrived; who shall be the miraculous survivors; and what pattern of civilisation shall be used to refurnish the desolate globe.

Writers enjoy these heroic problems so well that there has never been an unreadable end of the world. When the three fences are surmounted, we shall have a classic romance—so far, everybody trips at one of them; Mr. Bell at the third. But he manages his blow-up splendidly, and saves his chosen few with discretion.

Professor Ferrars (a tough and tremendous character), against all scientific etiquette offers to sell the Prime Minister a formula for splitting atoms in return for £50,000 a year, an Earldom and the legitimising of seventeen children. The price is considered out of the way; the Professor, piqued, disintegrates atoms of ten different elements; and the amazed earth, checking in its tracks, projects its surface matter, including the seven seas, into space.

The lucky ones are in a huge new submarine, which is showing her paces to the First Lord of the Admiralty and several distinguished visitors. The crack of doom spins her through the deeps like a top; and the score of survivors, including a solitary young woman, wake up and look through the ship's torn plates at a calcined world to which atmosphere is just creeping back.

One woman—nineteen men; there you have a situation. Unfortunately Mr. Bell plays with it

too long, and his company becomes more and more raw and primitive. Finally the one male who flees the competition becomes nature's chief instrument for carrying on the race—but the end of this enjoyable yarn is rather far-fetched.

Mr. Bell is fond of using archaic words; but better Spenser than Capone.

"The Centaur Passes" is another pure fantasy. The creature of myth comes to life in Sir John Theodore's racing stable; and had he been content with Jockey Club rules and winning stake money, the man who bets in the street would not have questioned the phenomenon. But the Centaur is given to moralising about our stunt civilisation in a lofty Athenian way, and a career that began with popular adoration ends in angry persecution. The authors' hybrid is no more credible than the giraffe the child saw at the Zoo, but one likes his balanced Greek mind.

"God knows it's hell sometimes. An' if it's hell for us, it would be worse for you." Nevertheless, Mr. Seago ignored the clown, joined the circus and caravanned with its colourful people along the roads of Great Britain. He gives us—aided by charming pencil sketches—a real impression of life under the "big top," hard, primitive and free. This is an account which will more than ever impress young readers that the Circus is the life.

Mr. Dearmer has an original plot in the adventures of Santa, a kind of moral Mussolini who runs a Ministry of Grace and sends his searchlight into dark places. He is discredited for a time by an implacable quack medicine merchant, but turns up later fuller of grace than ever. "Stay of Execution" concerns a man who postpones suicide for a month, with the result that the girl who meant to save him shares in a double exit; and "Gay Go Up" is the not remarkable story of a young woman who starts in business in the City and ends in marriage in Bohemia.

It is claimed for "Neutral Ground" that D. H. Lawrence based "The Trespasser" on certain unpublished chapters, and Lawrence's devotees will be certain to hunt for resemblances. A.B.

Back to Mycenae

Homer and Mycenae. By Martin P. Nilsson. Methuen. 21s.

Professor Nilsson has written a learned and sensible book on the origins of the Iliad and Odyssey, which will appeal to all lovers of Homer. The day has passed when the critics burst the bubble of Homer's renown by declaring that he never existed. The present author holds that the Homer of the Iliad was a supreme poet who gave new life to the epic poems of the Heroic Age of Mycenae—many centuries before—while the Odyssey represents a later revival of the epic. His review of the problem is exhaustive and every department of modern classical knowledge is brought to its support. The scholar will find in this work a valuable study of the immigration of the Greeks.

Cromwell to Gosse

Memoirs in Miniature. By Dr. G. C. Williamson. Grayson. 10s. 6d.

[REVIEWED BY O. M. GREEN]

THIS is a most friendly and companionable volume. Dr. Williamson has met everybody, forgotten nothing, and has borrowed from his beloved miniatures the art of compressing a maximum of matter into minimum space with infinite enjoyment for the reader. His links with the past include a visit to Lord Lovelace, who could remember hearing Lord Onslow say that, as a boy, he had spoken to a soldier of Cromwell's who was a sentinel at Charles I's execution. He began his education with a lady who held that to be able to cut a quill pen and fold and seal quarto notepaper were the first essentials of life. But there were houses less than 60 years ago in which three-wheeled basket perambulators, Sundays stripped of all toys but Noah's ark, the Fairchild Family, Little Arthur and Mrs. Markham were still in common use—and one feels a strange thrill in meeting them again.

What a gallery of portraits Dr. Williamson has! Queen Victoria drinking hot tea from the saucer, or sitting with such absolute composure in the House of Lords that a ray of light (which the slightest movement would have lost) turned the Koh-i-nor to the semblance of an emerald all through the ceremony; the Duchess of Buccleugh, in State robes, bundled into a four-wheeler to drive to the palace, because her coach had been forgotten, and, having no money, obliged to pay the cabman with a ring; Lord Rosebery planning a peace treaty that would have dissolved Germany into her former little princedoms, whose mutual jealousies would have been the surest guarantee of peace; Gladstone pouring out rare knowledge of English pottery; a City gourmet's fury at being addressed while eating venison because "it becomes cold with a rapidity unequalled by anything else"; Edmund Gosse as a boy, appallingly inquisitive about Dr. Williamson's infant soul; Duke Ernest of Brunswick, brooding over Queen Victoria's refusal to recognise him as King of Hanover among the finest collection of silver in Europe. By the way, how many people know that our Sovereign only possesses three pieces of real gold, the famous service being only silver-gilt? Pure gold plate is so rare that the enumeration of all there is of it in Great Britain occupies little more than a page.

Among other out-of-the-way knowledge is an account of the peasant Tribunal of the Waters which, since A.D. 961, has exclusively controlled the elaborate irrigation of Valencia: no oath is administered in this Court and no one dares tell a lie. In the tiny republic of San Marino, veneration of English law is so deep that appeals outside its own law are taken to an English judge: there have been two such, Dr. Williamson says, in the past century, unquestioningly accepted.

Dr. Williamson speaks with just regret of the swan-like movements of great ladies of the past. "Few young women now," he says, "can enter a room with real dignity. Their gait is careless, flopperty and indifferent, and the stately carriage

of their grandparents seems to be a lost art." Certainly the "speed-craze" and deportment do not agree. But the wheel turns. As a certain young lady said recently to the present writer, "Really, we want the same things as our grandmothers did, but we daren't say so." Perhaps, ere long, they will be learning again to cut quill pens.

La Voix d'or

Sarah Bernhardt. By G. G. Geller. Translated by E. S. G. Potter. Duckworth. 12s. 6d.

HERE is a round—and varnished, but not too highly varnished—tale. It is the true history of the life, private and public, of a woman who was one of the greatest actresses whom the stage has known, who was a dynamic force, an enigma in certain aspects, and, in others, a great person. An enthralling story, in the psychology of a character as in the triumphs of an artist, and told with skill, sympathy and candour.

It begins with a little tempestuous Jewess at a convent school and goes on, through early disappointments and failures on the stage, through a premature knowledge of the seamy, sordid things both of the flesh and of the spirit, through recognition, success, set-backs, frustrations, ruin, reascendancy and fresh triumphs to the heroic end when an old woman, who had lost a leg and was stricken to death, nerved her spirit again and carried the torch of patriotism and pity in her country's cause through the years of the Great War until at last she died.

On the way we are shown, so that they are understood, the tempestuous but evanescent loves and passions, the iron will which yet lacked self control, the large heart and petty spasms, the "ails and angers," the furies and storms and hysteria and fads and fancies and impossibilities and splendours of a most remarkable woman who mattered a great deal to the age across which she flamed, a Theodora or a Cleopatra cast again in the same mould.

Mr. Geller keeps apart the great art which Sarah Bernhardt served devotedly and the private life which so often warred against it; yet, justly and cleverly, he minglest, as they mingle themselves, these two streams which ran concurrently. He claims for her the highest place as actress, and few who observed her art closely will dispute his claim. He brings her alive as a woman and arrests pity and sympathy without making pretence. He quotes one superb example of her wit when, asked her age when she was well over forty and at the height of her charm, she said "Twenty-three, the same age as my son." And he shows a pretty wit of his own when, speaking of the young man's devotion to his mother, he describes him as resenting any slur on her reputation, and thus being condemned to a life-time of duelling.

This is an admirable book and a real contribution to the history of artistic life. The translation, by E. S. G. Potter, is also admirable and very well Englished.

The Fascist Experiment

The Economic Foundations of Fascism. By Paul Einzig. Macmillan. 7s. 6d.

IT is to be feared that many readers will be disappointed in this work. Mr. Einzig, unfortunately, is clearly not very well acquainted with the background of Italian life and recent history, and consequently his account of Fascism in its economic aspect is somewhat superficial. At the same time, this is a painstaking study, and what there is of it is good, but the author leaves us, like Oliver Twist, "asking for more," though that in itself is no small tribute to his writing.

Mr. Einzig was in Italy for a week last November, and he tells us in this volume what impression the conditions in that country made upon him. He went, quite rightly, with an open mind, and he returned with an intense admiration for everything he saw. His chief criticism is that Signor Mussolini has made his task more difficult than it need have been by stabilising the lira too high, but he admits that this has not had the disastrous effects which it would have had in a more disorganized State. For the rest, this book contains a short account of most aspects of Fascism, and it concludes upon a very optimistic note.

Mr. Einzig is right in most of what he says, but he would have done well to have said a good deal more. An account of the machinery of the Corporate State, as well as of the process by which it was evolved, would have been of material assistance in understanding its present working. Nevertheless, it is to be hoped that his volume will meet with sufficient success to justify a second edition, and when that time arrives one can but trust that as the result of further knowledge he will take the opportunity to expand it considerably.

CHARLES PETRIE.

Poor Spain!

The Spanish Republic. "By Anonymous." Eyre and Spottiswoode. 3s. 6d.

THIS book by an author who hides his identity, is described as an historical document of the first importance, but in very truth is nothing of the kind. It is an *ex parte* statement, damning the Republic with bell, book and candle. In a country where splendid platitudes and florid oratory are regarded as first aids to government, rogues in office are plentiful, yet it is hard to believe that every member of the republican party is a dyed in the wool scoundrel without honesty, decency or state craft. A great case can be established against the Republic. The excesses of its partisans and the indifference of the authorities to the just claims of monarchists and clericals have left an indelible stain upon the record of the men in power. Temperate exposure of the many evils that persist in opposition to civilisation's moral code would have been timely and effective; mere diatribe misses the mark.

An Apostle of Moderation

Tables of Content. By André L. Simon. Constable. 7s. 6d.

[REVIEWED BY H. WARNER ALLEN]

SIMON'S new book should live as long as Professor Saintsbury's "Notes on a Cellar-book," for as long as the wines we know exist it will remain an invaluable practical guide for every host in the ordering of a meal, and when they have passed away it will provide the historian with precious information concerning the taste of our time. It consists of extracts from his Diary : for many years he has had a habit of setting down each day, with comments and criticism, a summary of the food he has eaten and the wine he has drunk. This trick of his has set more than one of his friends trembling when they have wondered what comments he had entered in his Diary after a meal that had failed.

"Tables of Content" is a storehouse of information for those who feel that food and drink are an important department of life. Those who wish to eat and drink artistically will find in the 121 meals described an authoritative guide as to the cunning contrivance of food and drink, which makes a meal a perfect harmony. In his "Art of Good Living" Simon laid down the main principles which the gourmet should follow in composing the ideal meal with wine as the jewel and food as the setting, but there he did little more than touch the fringe of the subject. This book provides concrete instances of those rules and their exceptions.

Would you defy tradition and serve a fine claret with a fish dish? Then look up the dinner given by Mr. Francis Berry on Nov. 7, 1928, and you will see what Simon says of a Margaux 1900 served with Red Mullet, Sauce Bordelaise.

Absolutely no blemish; colour warm and brilliant; bouquet most attractive; body fleshy and silky; farewell sweet and discreet. And the miracle of it, the hallmark of greatness, was that it was served with a fish course and looked perfectly at ease. Some of the credit should go to the Red Mullet; it certainly did its best to help; it was not in the least fishy and the Claret sauce served with it was very good indeed. Full marks.

It is to be hoped that Simon's less expert readers will not attempt too recklessly to emulate this *tour de force*. It is not everyone who has the artist's soul like Delysia, who will go down to history as having served at supper Haut Brion 1924 after *soupe à l'oignon* and before a 1920 Krug. "Few people whom I know," says Simon, "would have thought of it; fewer still, had they thought of it, would have had the courage to order Haut Brion for supper at the Savoy, and yet it was the right thing without a doubt."

He gives several examples of how not to do it, and his criticism, though always good-humoured, can be withering. What worse than this could be said of a Caucasian Brandy:

The Brandy was exceptional; at least it was the only polite adjective I could think of at the moment. It was certainly old, and even more certainly exceedingly musty.

Or again this description of a City dinner: Salt caviar and Rum Punch, followed by lukewarm turtle soup and an icy, thin white wine served out of

its turn. A mouthful of very good salmon and a slice of stale *foie gras* with quite moderate Champagne. A slice of quite good mutton and more Champagne. An undersized quail, more like a lark, and more Champagne. An ice and still more Champagne. At last a thimbleful of Port. Then "Grace," dolefully dirged by a hungry-looking quartet, and speech after speech, all platitudes.

Simon appeals throughout to moderation as the golden rule of gastronomy. The art of good living is not the art of self-indulgence. "Many internal disorders—dyspepsia and divorce—could so easily have been avoided had the food been better cooked or the drink been less watery. The art of good living is a life-long study—one to be approached in a spirit of humility and of awareness that there is no hope whatever of ever becoming master of so elusive an art."

The Life of Admiral de Ruyter. By Professor P. Blok. Translated by G. J. Renier. Benn. 21s.

This painstaking and complete life of perhaps the greatest sailor who ever fought and defeated an English fleet deals with a fascinating character. At the age of 45 De Ruyter, in 1652, had retired from the sea after making a small fortune by trade and privateering. Only 32 pages of Professor Blok are occupied with these years. Then the first Anglo-Dutch war broke out and the comfortable burgher of Flushing became the most famous admiral in the world. His sailors called him "Bestevaer" ("dear father"), and he remains as a model not only of patriotism and fearlessness but also of those middle-class virtues which the Dutch have always valued.

Trafalgar. By A. F. Fremantle. Peter Davies. 5s.

Though this book cannot claim to provide any additions to historical knowledge or appreciation, it has the merit of presenting the whole facts of the Trafalgar campaign in a clear and very readable form. Mr. Fremantle has covered his ground fully and his "appreciation of the situation" is accurate and concise, so that one gets a complete picture, not only of the engagement itself but of the events and decisions which led to the engagement.

The book is designed as one of a series which Messrs. Davies are publishing, and we imagine that the requirements of the series inspired the book rather than anything new which Mr. Fremantle might have had to say on his subject.

Modern German Short Stories. Second Series. Selected by H. F. Eggeling, Oxford. At the Clarendon Press. 3s. 6d.

The author's attempt to provide "an attractive German Reader for more advanced pupils" in the First Series has led to this volume, which is representative of really first-rate German short stories. Eight authors are represented, all of them recognised as standard authors, and the Editor has only one complaint—that he has been unable to find a real good example either of the ghost or detective story.

SERIAL

The Surrender of an Empire

By Mrs. Nesta H. Webster

Mrs. Webster's remarkable work issued by the Boswell Printing & Publishing Co., went into a second edition in 1931 and is now being republished in a popular edition at 7s. 6d. It was and is, in our opinion, a book of fundamental importance for all who would understand the politics of the modern world. We therefore hold it a privilege to reprint week by week extracts from this illuminating history.

In February, 1915, Albert Sander, a German spy who had offices at 150, Nassau Street, New York, started a pro-German society called "The Friends of Peace," in order to hamper the export of arms to the Allies and to keep America out of the War. This was linked up with the Clan-na-Gael, the Socialist Party of New York and a number of other pro-German societies. Sander was arrested in 1917 and sentenced to two years' imprisonment.

In February, 1916, another organisation was launched in New York called "The Friends of Irish Freedom," an off-shoot of the Clan-na-Gael, with branches in Berlin and Stockholm, which worked in touch with the German Government until the Armistice. The propaganda carried on by these groups brought a number of the Irish over to the German cause. Admiral Sims, of the American Navy, describing the hostility encountered by American sailors in Ireland towards the end of the War, wrote :

The fact is that the part of Ireland in which the Americans were stationed was the headquarters of Sinn Fein members. This organisation was not only openly disloyal but openly pro-German. They were not even neutral, but were working day and night for a German victory. In their misguided minds a German victory signified an Irish Republic. It was no secret the Sinn Feiners sending information to Germany, and constantly laying plots to interfere with the British-American navies. . . . They did everything in their power to help Germany. With their assistance German spies landed in Ireland.¹

The Easter rebellion which broke out on April 24, 1916, was organised by the Irish rebels in conjunction with the German Government. The plan was to carry out, simultaneously with the rising, an air-raid on England and a naval attack followed by a landing of troops and munitions. The Zeppelin raids on East Anglia on April 24 and on Essex and Kent on the 25th, as also the naval raid on Lowestoft the same day, were carried out according to plan, but the German ship, the *Aud*, carrying arms to the Irish rebels, was sunk by a British cruiser. Casement, who was returning from Kiel, was captured on landing on the coast of Kerry and the Dublin rebellion was suppressed in six days. The Germans were probably not sorry to be rid of Casement, for, as John Devoy's correspondence stated, they had grown "weary of his impracticable dreams," whilst Casement in his turn had at last reached

the very obvious conclusion that "Germany was not sincere."²

In spite of this failure Germany continued to concentrate attention on Ireland with a view to using her coast for submarine bases preparatory to an attack on England, and enormous quantities of petrol were stored at Foynes, near Limerick. These intrigues were known to the Chief Secretary for Ireland, Mr. Birrell, who, as early as December 1915, was officially notified that the Sinn Feiners were arming and that sedition was rampant. But no action was taken. When, after the Easter rebellion, he resigned his post, he explained his attitude by saying that he had "made an untrue estimate of the Sinn Fein movement."³ but expressed no contrition, although the Report of the Royal Commission on Ireland stated that :

We are of the opinion that the Chief Secretary as the administrative head of the Government in Ireland is primarily responsible for the situation that was allowed to arise and the outbreak that occurred.⁴

It was at this juncture that Mr. Asquith went over to Dublin, where he stayed a week, making himself very pleasant to the rebels whom he visited in prison. "Stories of his sympathetic attitude were passed from mouth to mouth all over disaffected Ireland, with the natural consequence that membership of Sinn Fein grew by leaps and bounds."⁵

In the Report of the Royal Commission it was further stated that :

the main cause of the Rebellion appears to be that lawlessness was allowed to grow up unchecked, and that Ireland for several years past has been administered on the principle that it was safer and more expedient to leave law in abeyance if collision with any fraction of the Irish people could thereby be avoided.

It was hoped that the Coalition Government which came into power eight months later (December 7, 1916) would take a stronger line, but Mr. Lloyd George, regardless of the need for Unity between Great Britain and Ireland at such a crisis, persisted with the policy of Home Rule whilst in the middle of the War and whilst the Sinn Feiners were still carrying on treasonable negotiations with the Germans for landing arms in the country and attempting to bring about another rebellion. A Convention of Irishmen of all parties was called in order to draw up a policy

¹ White Paper, *Documents relative to the Sinn Fein Movement* (1921), Cmd. 1108.

² *Parliamentary Debates*, vol. lxxxii., col. 38.

³ White Paper, Cmd. 8279, p. 18.

⁴ "The Truth about Ireland" in *Morning Post*, October 31, 1921.

¹ Article by Admiral Sims in the *World's Work Magazine* (American), quoted in the *Evening Standard*, November 5, 1919.

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of "self-government," and by way of placating the rebels, all the prisoners who had taken part in the rebellion were released. The answer to this was a fresh outbreak of agitation in favour of an independent republic, led by de Valera. A rising threatened for April 1918, however, stirred the British Government to action; de Valera was arrested, the Home Rule Bill was temporarily dropped, but so was also conscription, although a Military Service Bill for Ireland had already been passed. This failure to enforce conscription—as Lord Roberts and those who understood the Irish urged unceasingly—was perhaps the greatest mistake made by England with regard to Ireland during the War. But for this, cries of "Up the Kaiser!" might never have been heard in Ireland and the rebellion of 1916 have been averted. For the agitators were clever enough to make capital out of this action by representing it as an insult to a race that had provided so many gallant fighters in the British cause, and the Irish were made to believe that England did not conscript them because they were not considered good enough to fight in her armies. In this sort of mischief-making German propagandists have always excelled.

After the entry of America into the War on April 5, 1917, the official line of communication between the Irish revolutionaries in that country and the German Government was temporarily broken, but a messenger service was maintained by John Devoy. At the same time a new organisation was founded in Berlin, named the "German-Irish Society," devoted to furthering the cause of Sinn Fein and encouraging Indian as well as Irish sedition. The presidents were Herr Mathias Erzberger, Baron von Reichthofen and the Graf von Westarp, now a leader of the German Nationalists. The society received messages wishing its success from the Kaiser, General Ludendorff and Zimmermann, then Foreign Secretary.

On March 17, that is to say, on the eve of the great German offensive, a meeting of the German-Irish Society was held at the Hotel Adlon in Berlin under the auspices of the German Government. The meeting was addressed at length by Freiherr von Stumm, representing the Imperial Foreign Office, representatives of the German War Office and Admiralty were present, also Abdul Malitch Haniza Bey, of the Committee of Egyptian Nationalists and Young Turks Organisation in Berne; Datta Bhupendranath, alias Dutt, head of the Berlin Indians during the War, concerned in seditious publications against Great Britain; Champakaraman Pillai, a well-known agitator, and a number of other Indian and Egyptian sedition mongers. Dr. Chatterton-Hill and St. John Gaffney, representing Sinn Fein, were also present. Messages of congratulation were received from the Kaiser and Field-Marshal von Hindenburg.

This incident is of particular interest as showing the intimate connection between Imperial Germany and the world revolutionaries, who later came to be regarded as simply the agents of

Moscow, and it is here that we can trace the origins of a society now known as the "League against Imperialism," habitually attributed to Bolshevik inspiration.

Champakaraman Pillai, referred to above, was at this time the secretary of an organisation known as the V.V.V. Now it will be remembered that in Chapter II of this book these same initials were given as those of the German Monarchist group of societies known as the Vereinigten Vaterländischen Verbände. But with the intent to confuse habitual to secret society organisation, another association had been created by the Germans with the same initials, but signifying Vereinigung Vergewaltigter Völker, or the "League of Oppressed Peoples." This had been founded in the United States under the name of the "League of Small and Subject Nationalities" by Dudley Field Malone, attorney for Ludwig Martens, who was afterwards appointed Bolshevik ambassador to the United States by Chicherin.

* * * *

After the Armistice the society became the "League of Oppressed Peoples," a name coined by the Germans who had declared themselves to be "the champions of the numerous oppressed peoples of the British Empire."¹ In 1920 its headquarters were moved to Berlin by a mysterious American, subsidiser of a defeatist paper in Switzerland, acting under the direct orders of a powerful pan-German secret society—the Druidenorden, already mentioned in Chapter II, an atheistical subversive international society organised on Masonic lines, of which the origins could be traced back to 1700 when it was allied with the "Old Paladins." This organisation, so secret that its very existence was unknown to the German public, was the real power behind "Organisation C" and the murder gangs described earlier in this book. The Munich lodge of the order was the chief centre of direction where deliberations were held, whilst Frankfurt was the central registry. The National Club in Berlin, which was the administrative head or War Office of the Monarchist movement, was also believed to be under its direction.

The Grand Master of the Order was stated to be a certain German industrialist, but in reality the Head was probably someone very much more important, possibly no other than the former Foreign Minister, Count von Brockdorff Rantzau, who, after the Germano-Bolshevik Treaty at Rapallo, was sent to Moscow as German Ambassador, where he endeared himself to the heads of the Soviet Government and died in 1928.

The Druidenorden was the concrete expression of the idea before referred to as that of the "Eastern School" of German Monarchists, who believed in coming to an understanding with Soviet Russia for the purpose of a war of revenge against the Allies, or, failing this, of undermining

¹ *Kölnische Zeitung* (a German Government organ), July 8, 1918.

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them by revolutionary propaganda, particularly throughout the British Empire.¹ This section of German Monarchs never ceased to co-operate with the Bolsheviks after Lenin and his companions in the sealed train were sent by them to Russia; and the marvellous organisation of Soviet propaganda abroad has been largely attributable to the German as well as the Jewish brains behind it.

Up till about 1922 the activities of this German group and the Soviet Government were indistinguishable. Radek, alias Sobelssohn, acted as the link between Berlin and Moscow. The Druidenorden, like the Komintern, was internationally organised, with lodges in Rome, Milan, Prague, Budapest and ramifications in England, France, Holland, Italy, Algeria, Canada, Egypt, India, Vladivostock and Japan. At the same time it had two important centres in Switzerland—at Zurich and Lugano—under Baron von A. and Baron von D., who co-operated with the Soviet agents in that country by supplying revolutionaries throughout the world with arms, ammunition and propaganda, Bolshevik, pro-German and anti-Entente.² It was in Switzerland that some of the British delegates to the Conference of the Second International at Berne in 1919 were entertained, doubtless unknown to them, by an associate of the Druidenorden.

This inner secret society was behind the Moplah risings in India in 1921, and it was again the Druidenorden that recruited revolutionary Jews in Germany and passed them through Switzerland via Milan and Genoa to Palestine, in order to stir up feeling against Great Britain.

There was also a direct connection between the Druidenorden and the I.R.B. (Irish Republican Brotherhood), though relations with Ireland were principally maintained through the V.V.V. and its agents in America. Thus, when the headquarters of the V.V.V. were moved to Berlin in 1920, the way had already been paved by the German-Irish Society and the secretary of the

V.V.V., Champakaraman Pillai, in that city. In January of that year a meeting was held at the house of Count Reventlow at which several of the same people were present as at the meeting of the German-Irish Society of March 17, 1918, referred to a few pages earlier—notably Dr. Chatterton-Hill and Champakaraman Pillai. The same mysterious American was there with a Hungarian from Geneva, and there were also present Sheikh Abdul Abdil Shauish, representing the Egyptian Nationalists and two Turks—Nazim Bey and Shekib Arslan Bey. A plan was drawn up at this meeting for reorganising the V.V.V. as an International League against British and French "Imperialism," but particularly against the British Empire.

It is important to note that at this stage the Soviet Government took no part in the movement, which was purely an alliance between a section of German Monarchs and the enemies of Great Britain. Dr. Chatterton-Hill, who, after the German revolution of November 1918, tried to get into touch with Bolshevik circles in Germany and Switzerland, found the Bolsheviks un receptive to his scheme of co-operation between Irish Republicanism and Russian Communism. It is obvious the two ideas would not blend. Nor was Moscow inclined to support, or at any rate to finance, the programme of the V.V.V. in which Communist propaganda was not included. Gradually, however, the Bolsheviks came to realise the utility of this organisation as a means for furthering the aims of world revolution by destroying British power in India, Egypt and Ireland, and when a further meeting took place in Berlin in October 1920, Moscow had decided that Berlin should remain the centre of the Germano-Bolshevik movement in the West, where all the wires connecting anti-British and anti-Entente movements in Ireland, India and Egypt should join. An office was taken in Charlottenburg under the name of a trading company which did not exist, but consisted simply of the committee of the movement. It was said that here also the five men composing the inner circle of the Druidenorden met, masked and under assumed names, in the deepest secrecy, in an underground chamber at dead of night after the manner of the Vehmgerichts.

In 1922 the V.V.V. formed a further section, the "League of Oppressed Peoples of the East," known as the L.N.O.O. (Ligue des Nations Opprimées de l'Orient), which held its first sitting in Rome. A number of leading Turks and Egyptians were present, at which a programme was drawn up for propaganda all over the East, and a centre was formed in Rome to co-operate with the real centre in Berlin. Abdul Hamid was elected President with Shekib Arslan Bey as secretary.

¹ According to the Bolsheviks this remained to the end, the idea of von Brockdorff-Rantzau. The *Pravda* of September 11, 1928, after asking how the Count, "the oldest, the haughtiest of German aristocrats," made himself so popular in Moscow, went on to say:

"Was it perhaps that sympathy for Bolshevism awoke in the old Count in the twilight of his life? . . . Not in the least . . . Red Counts do not exist. It is nonsense. Rantzau was and remained to his last breath feudal, a nobleman, a Monarchist, and, by conviction, a Right Nationalist. But he understood one important thing that was true—only one, but it was enough for him—Rantzau understood that the U.S.S.R. is the only country where they know there is stronger beast than the Entente, the only country of which the Government talks to the present masters of Europe as equal to equal. 'Do not quarrel but make friends, do not draw back but draw nearer, and if possible lean on such a country.' This is what seemed to the old man the most important, the most necessary for the country which he represented."

² An interesting account of this centre of conspiracy in Switzerland was given in the *Morning Post* of September 1, 1920.

CORRESPONDENCE

Cuckoo, Cuckow and Cuculus

SIR.—Anyone who has studied the matter, will be aware that superstitions about the Cuckoo are worldwide and numerous. Possibly, many are still extant in England. One at any rate survives, namely; if you have money in your pocket, when you first hear the Cuckoo's note in the spring, you must turn it for luck; if, however, you have no coin in your pocket, on this occasion, it is an omen of ill-luck.

It is, I think, not generally known that the Cuckoo is alluded to in the Bible; in Leviticus and in Deuteronomy he is accounted to be "an unclean bird." He is termed "Cuckow"; he is also mentioned by Virgil, and Pliny in his "Natural History" as Cuculus.

Burgess Hill, Sussex. REV. J. P. BACON PHILLIPS.

Science and Pain

SIR.—Your correspondent seems to argue that because pain is an invariable concomitant of sentient life, it must necessarily be increased if life be prolonged. But pain is an accident, not a property, of life; and indeed it often serves as Nature's warning, to put us on guard against death. It can hardly, I think, be seriously maintained by anyone acquainted with the facts, that science has not immensely alleviated the sufferings incident to childbirth, and to surgical operations, in bygone days; although our sensitiveness to pain, both mental and physical, is probably greater than that of our ancestors.

The problem which the existence of pain presents to thoughtful minds, will perhaps never be solved, for the suggestion that it may be required for the highest development of human character, takes no account of the sufferings of the lower animals, apart from other difficulties.

St. Paul's words "The whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain together until now," are probably as true to-day as when they were first spoken; but nevertheless we may well be thankful that in the course of a single century, science, by the use of anaesthetics and other means, has enormously reduced the sum total of the suffering "that makes calamity of so long life," and this much, it appears, even your correspondent is ready to admit.

Eastbourne.

WALTER CRICK.

"Those Land Taxes"

SIR.—Lord Lymington's quarrel with Mr. Baldwin does not concern me, but there are a number of statements of alleged fact in his article which deserve to be corrected.

The Finance Act of 1931 did not provide for a valuation of improved land but for a valuation of land apart from improvements. Neither was there any provision in that Act to empower local authorities to levy a rate upon land value. There was only provision for the national tax.

Lord Lymington states that there is no tax that is not destructive of what it taxes, and he goes on to say that Mr. Lloyd George's Land Taxes in 1908 (*sic*) set back the housing and development of Britain for more than half a generation. This statement was answered by Mr. Lloyd George himself in the following words: "So far from the Budget of 1909 affecting employment in the building trade, this is how things went. In March, 1909, the unemployment was 18.3; in 1910, 8.9; in 1911, 6.5; in 1912, 6.2; and in March 1913, 4.6; so that unemployment is exactly one-third of what it was in the months preceding the introduction of the Budget of 1909."

No doubt Lord Lymington jumps to this conclusion because of his erroneous assumption that the land value tax is a tax on improvements, including houses. It may be true that taxation destroys what it taxes but it certainly will not destroy land, though it may destroy, or rather divert to the exchequer, land value.

Present local rates and income tax are both taxes upon houses and other improvements, and on Lord Lymington's principle are destructive of these things. Surely he should therefore support any proposal which will exempt these desirable articles from taxation?

16, Tite Street.

MICHAEL L. JACOBS.

"Moscow, Gower Street, London"

SIR.—It does seem to me extraordinary that an Appeal of this character should be sent out under a printed heading of the University of London, University College.

Whilst one can sympathise with the point of view of any professor of psychology that he should desire as much information as possible, this Questionnaire would strike anyone of average intelligence that it was anything but an ideal form of Questionnaire to secure information. Further, in my view, it is a totally unsuitable form of Memorandum to be distributed in the way it is.

(Dr.) J. HENRY MORRIS-JONES,
M.P. Denbigh Division.

Gastronomy or Gastronomy?

SIR.—M. Simon objects to my substitution of Gastronomy for Gastronomy. He tells me I have taken a wrong turning and, as in the case of the lady who set this regrettable precedent—the result is a bastard.

The English language is, however, a happy family of bastard words and the question of "legitimacy" does not arise. M. Simon's issue of a philological affiliation order leaves me unmoved.

The main issue is whether the art of wise feeding should be known by a word which elevates the stomach into the position of arbiter. I refuse to give this crude and undiscriminating organ a position of such prominence. The stomach thinks of itself alone. Does it care if it overloads the kidneys or liver with an excess of sugar or acid; does it listen to the still small voice of the intestinal flora, pleading for lactic support? Not a bit of it! Accepting all things gladly so long as they supply its selfish needs, revolting only when grossly overloaded, it is the last organ to be entrusted with the delicate discriminations which the body as a whole demands. It is taste—the gust—which has been placed by nature as guardian of the gate, taste informed by experience which alone can fulfil the position of arbiter between the various demands of the body natural. I therefore suggest that gastronomy, the science of taste, is a better word than gastronomy, which defies the Belly, a regrettable necessity of which the less we hear and see the better.

*Arrantegia,
Socoa, par Ciboure (B.-P.).*

E. A. BUNYARD.

SIR.—Mr. Bunyard seems to have a perverse affection for his Greco-Latin bastard "Gastronomy," but where does the "r" come from? Surely it has no parentage at all. Could not M. Simon and he throw themselves into one another's arms and be reconciled for ever by some such thoroughbred word as *Deipnosophy*?

H. WARNER ALLEN.

God, King, and Country

SIR.—I read with the greatest interest and sense of elation the article by Dorothy Crisp in this week's *Saturday Review*. By many, present-day youth is considered pacifist or immoral, and therefore to read that numbers of them are working with all their enthusiasm and with no wish for publicity, for a great purpose, this purpose being service "for God, King, and Country," is to feel a very real hope for the future.

Patriotism is not popular to-day, nor considered a virtue, and the mere allusion to it is generally greeted with pitying glances or more vociferous expressions of distrust. For this reason, one is apt to over-estimate the power of those who shout from the house-tops their disloyal creed.

The need of the moment is for the rising generation to be imbued with the loyalties and ideals which make for the recognition of greatness as in itself of vital importance.

An awakened national consciousness is essential to our well-being, and the policy of the *Saturday Review* in publishing articles of this nature will add greatly to the determination of the number who realise that loyalty to "God, King, and Country" is the only hope of victory over subversive propaganda. MARY S. ALLEN.

51, Tothill Street, Westminster.

Commandant.

THEATRE

Lyric, Hammersmith. "The Fantasticks." By Edmond Rostand.

HERE is a new, or revised, version of "Les Romanesques," and a very neat, pretty, tidy, version it is. The mysterious authors of whom Sir Nigel Playfair is one, deserve congratulation on the verse, the wit, and the transference of the essential spirit of Rostand. Sir Nigel deserves equal praise for his production, which never loses charm, grip, or humour.

As for the play itself, a trifle, light as air, romantically ironic and ironically romantic, it is an oasis in a desert of commonplace.

The story is little. Percinet loves Sylvette and Sylvette loves Percinet—to distraction, to the loveliest madness, with poetry and music and dear idiocy, with the great illusion that man and woman, boy and girl have never loved like this before. And two cruel fathers, whose estates are separated by the wall that becomes sacred to love, are sworn foes, whose children shall never mate. But the fathers are two old humbugs, the dearest of friends whose cunning has taught them that this union, for which they long, can only be achieved surely by the pretence of impregnable opposition. And they arrange an attempted rape of Sylvette, to be frustrated by Percinet, sword in hand, unknowing that the ruffians whom he kills are only shamming dead. And it all works marvellously until, the wedding guests at hand, the gaff is blown. Then the lovers wake from their fool's paradise, Percinet runs away, and the hired bravo goes short of his cash. So the bravo sets another trap, brings off the match at last and gets his cash.

The story is little and the telling is all. This was the beginning of the Rostand cycle and it has in it the promise fulfilled in *Cyrano* and *Chantecleer*. It should fill the Lyric.

As for the acting, it is exactly worthy of the play. Nigel Playfair and Richard Goolden as the sham-fighting fathers, Angela Baddeley as an enchanting Sylvette, Glen Byam Shaw as a slightly anaemic Percinet, and Gyles Isham, breathing his robustious way rather heavily through the part of Straforel—they are all admirable.

Hippodrome. "Give me a Ring." Written and composed by Graham John and Martin Broones.

HERE actually is a sort of a story, even a plot, in this musical comedy or extravaganza. But does this really matter? Not at all. There is Evelyn Laye, singing delightfully, looking adorable, exquisitely dressed (although the "plot" posed her as a virtuous telephone operator in the Porchester Hotel) and seizing every chance she had to prove the artistic reality of her power as an actress to make emotions live. Evelyn Laye is enough, in all conscience, by herself. And there are other clever successful people in the cast and in, or on the fringe of, the story. And there are simple tunes to seize the ear, dancing (acrobatic and otherwise) of real excellence, dresses, scenery, lights and colours.

"Give me a Ring" is excellent entertainment

of its own kind throughout and will satisfy anyone who wants an evening of carefree distraction.

St. Martin's Theatre. "The Mocking Bird." By Lionel Hale.

TO say that Mr. Hale might have written a really good play if he had not written "The Mocking Bird" seems the sort of damning with faint praise that is the last resort of criticism. Yet it is difficult to say anything else.

Never mind. Any sort of tolerable and interesting play is a decided achievement in the most arduous field of literary creation, and this play is always provocative, often interesting, for ten delirious minutes wildly laughable, and almost impressive. Therefore an audience is not bored, and that is a great matter. Therefore, however, greater economy, concentration of idea, and clearness of conception might have done wonders.

We are asked to study the fallibility of human nature in the persons of Sir Victor Champion's family and house party in a house on the edge of Dartmoor (seen through an open window, and looking much more like the mountains of North Wales than its own Tors). We learn at once that the irreproachable daughter is sleeping every night with the charming gentleman to whom she is engaged, and I suppose that, if we are modern enough, we don't argue much either way from that. But, as we are to learn later, Sir Victor's apparently empty-headed sister has murdered her husband, because the poor beast bored her by being good to her. Uncle Paul, that very type of retired I.C.S., has stolen a watch and allowed an innocent friend to die of cholera under an accusation of theft; and Sir Victor, whose virtue has been frozen in a frigidaire of God-seeking respectability, has a son whose illegitimacy is the secret of his father's cast-iron code of morals. Only this son and the curious girl (Jean Forbes-Robertson and very good in her icy manner) whom he loves are really clean and honest.

We learn all this because a lunatic (lunacy only discovered in the last few moments of the last act but patent to the experienced because Leon Quartermaine gives us from the beginning all that the author handed out to him) suddenly emerges from the dark of a spiritualistic séance—half mock, half serious—and proclaims himself a convict just escaped from Princeton. He is George and the strong personality of George wins them all, half fearful, to his side and, later, wrings from each the skeleton of the past. Then the Vicar bobs up, after Uncle Paul and Aunt Dora have drunk themselves silly in the afternoon in order to show how free the exposure of Sir Victor has made them, and we rush headlong into wild and excellent farce. Then the police hammer at the door, the jolly family face public exposure, and we rush headlong back to drama. And all the time it is not the police but the doctor from the asylum.

There were lots of plays there, weren't there? And "The Mocking Bird" is bits of all of them and well worth seeing anyhow.

It owed much to a strong and excellent cast among whom Marda Vanne and Athole Stewart gave us perfect etchings of Uncle Paul and Aunt Dora, while D. A. Clarke-Smith had too little difficulty with Sir Victor.

G.C.P.

CITY.—BY OUR CITY EDITOR

IF the delegates to the World Economic Conference are in need of evidence of the necessity for immediate action to free the international exchanges from their present restrictions, surely the past week's chaos will prove sufficient. In Europe we have the extraordinary situation of strong demands for sterling on the part of holders of Continental currencies which are still based on the gold standard. Severe offering of Dutch currency has weakened Holland's position so seriously that Holland's abandonment of the gold standard has been advocated by important financial interests which hold that the further sacrifices which the Netherlands must make to maintain the guilder are not justified. The Dutch East Indies would certainly welcome the fall in the guilder to a lower level and Sumatra rubber shares were bought on hopes of Holland's abandoning gold. France has felt the effect of this disturbance and in the open gold market the small offerings of the metal have commanded a " premium " over the price justified by the French Exchange owing to Continental demands for gold hoarding purposes. The restrictions placed upon the German Exchange are so severe that no funds are available to meet obligations abroad on Germany's debts. Yet the " blocked " or " registered " marks, which are not free to transfer abroad, may be purchased at a discount of about 20 per cent. and used to pay for passages on German liners or for holidays in Germany, this position giving a somewhat unfair subsidy to German shipping. The American dollar, meanwhile, is showing a somewhat steadier tendency though the strength of the bond market in New York is a sign that the opinion that the dollar is undervalued at anything like the present level of sterling is not held in London alone.

As a more cheerful sign of what may be accomplished by the efforts of the Conference, if London, New York and Rio co-operate so satisfactorily, comes the announcement by the Brazilian Government that funds up to \$1,000,000 for American interests and up to £250,000 for British and other interests may now be transferred from Brazil. Funds which cannot be released within the provisions of the stipulated limits will be funded over a three-year period, with interest at 4 per cent. per annum, against the exchange arising from Brazilian exports. This is the most satisfactory announcement from the exchange market's point of view to be made since the general breakdown of the international exchange system, for it indicates that effort towards recovery has been rewarded by some measure of success.

An Inflation Boom?

Stock markets, with Wall Street active and London only awaiting any news of progress at the World Conference to imitate New York's example, are exhibiting further signs of a coming feverish demand for industrial and miscellaneous shares. The Continent, harassed by currency troubles, has been a keen buyer of " equities " and it is to be

feared that the long-expected inflation " boom " is now definitely on the way. The investor, as distinct from the speculator, can make a little profit with safety in such " boom " times by purchases of good class industrials though the yield may appear small. The attractions and dangers of speculation in overvalued industrial shares may well be understood from the sensational rise in the Celanese issues which has taken place this year. British Celanese 10s. shares, on which no dividend has yet been paid, have risen from 5s. 7d. to 17s. 6d., American Celanese have jumped from 26s. 3d. to £11 7s. 6d. and Canadian from 30s. 4½d. to £5 10s. At one time last year American Celanese stood as low as 7s. 4½d. and a " break " in the boom might easily lead to a return to such a price. This is taking a " bearish " view, but in times when the public falls into the grip of the " boom fever " the investor with but little knowledge of conditions is apt to find himself becoming a speculator.

Anglo-Persian Profits

The Anglo-Persian Oil results were received with satisfaction in the market where there has been a good deal of nervousness with regard to the effects of the revision, after prolonged negotiations with the Persian Government, of the terms of the company's concession and royalty payments. The profit for 1932 is reached after making provision for all royalty and taxation due to the Persian Government under the settlement recently concluded and the 1932 figure of £2,379,677 compared with £2,318,717 for 1931, must therefore be regarded as very satisfactory. From the past year's profits, extra depreciation requires £329,829 compared with £501,944 in the previous year, £200,000 is placed to debenture reserve fund, as a year ago, and £53,501 has been written off for new issue expenses. The preference dividends take £1,071,341 and the ordinary dividend is raised to 7½ per cent., compared with 5 per cent. in the previous year, in view of the more stable position established by the conclusion of the new concession settlement. The amount carried forward will therefore be lower at £447,259 compared with £720,129 brought in from the previous year. Though the Chairman of the Anglo-Persian company has circularised shareholders with details of the terms of the new concession, his review of the position at the forthcoming meeting will be awaited with special interest.

Amalgamated Dental Results

Considering the general state of trade in the past year, the shrinkage in the profits of the Amalgamated Dental Company (formerly Claudio Ash, Sons & Co. and De Trey & Co.) from £155,406 in 1931 to £131,922 for the past year is a moderate one. The preferred ordinary shares receive 8 per cent. for the year, but no payment is made on the deferred ordinary which a year ago received 3d. per share free of tax. The allocation to reserve is £10,000 against £15,000 and £10,963 is carried forward to the current year's accounts compared with £11,858 brought into the accounts for 1932.

FILMS

By MARK FORREST

Secrets. Directed by Frank Borzage. Adelphi. *The Prince of Wales.* Marble Arch Pavilion.

AT a school for small boys and girls an essay was set asking the children to give an account of the happiest day which they had spent during the holidays. All of them wrote the usual kind of thing, except one boy who, after half an hour's labour, produced a single line—"One day we went pernicketing at Cromer." In the old days of the silent films the majority of them were the usual kind of thing, but when every so often Mary Pickford appeared "we went pernicketing at Cromer." The simple statement is quite sufficient to convey one's delight, and no adjectival emphasis nor high-sounding phrase is needed to express more cogently the great pleasure which her films gave.

Those who remember her performances will also recollect how she stood head and shoulders above any American film actress of that time, but with the coming of the talkies there is unfortunately a very different tale to tell. Her failure is largely due to her choice of subject, and for this she has only herself to blame. In this case she has chosen Mr. Borzage to direct, Leslie Howard to support her and Frances Marion to write the script. No one can quarrel with these selections, but why, in the name of heaven, she should want to play Mary Carlton, née Malone, in "Secrets," I don't know. Whatever the reason may have been the second phase of this story is quite unsuitable for her, and her acting ability should not be employed in drawing room dramas nor her face disfigured in senile decay.

The film of the life of The Prince of Wales, which is being shown at the Marble Arch Pavilion, is a record of the great services which he has rendered to his country from the day of his investiture in 1911 to the present time. The diverse character of the works in which the Prince has interested himself is here displayed for everyone to glimpse, and the British film company is to be congratulated upon the way in which it has succeeded in welding the material into a composite whole, and providing a commentary that succeeds in being helpful without being irritating.

Scenes of the Prince's activities all over the world are shown, and the camera follows him unceasingly to Canada, Australia, Japan, and "across the line" to South Africa and South America in his rôle of grand ambassador. With all these duties to fulfil it is surprising that he has managed to make time for play, but his leisure hours also find a place in this excellent picture, the profits of whose release will go to charity.

There is another side to this film which should arouse interest, quite apart from the Prince. His own growth and that of the moving picture industry have moved simultaneously. From 1911 to the present day the technique of the cinematograph has undergone enormous improvement, and a certain amount of this is visible here.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC No. 41.

WHAT EVERY WOMAN IS, AND LADY FAIR WOULD BE—
GROSS LIBEL ON THE SEX, BY POET POPE, NOT ME!
("THE CHARACTERS OF WOMEN" HE'S DEBATING,
THEIR "CONTRARIETIES" SEVERELY RATING.)

1. Of Roman eagle first we'll take a third,
2. and *quantum suff.* of cry of wisdom's bird.
3. So does your dormouse in the months of snow.
4. Not moderate: the opposite, you know.
5. Its "artful aid" at times is asked by me.
6. Behead what brings to barristers a fee.
7. Now, all that bird's cry, though it bring disaster.
8. Than swiftest horseman he can travel faster.
9. Of prime necessity to modern man.
10. Help! Cut its tail off, that will suit my plan.
11. Feeds on our little fishes: half will do.
12. Each man has this, sir, and his exit too.

SOLUTION OF ACROSTIC No. 40

W	e 11 -	W isher
P	A	I I
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U	n t r u t	H ¹
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S	c o t i	A ²
N	i g h t - c l u	B
I	m	B
G	o l g o t h	A
H	o m o e o p a t h i s	T
T	h i e v i s	H

¹ See John viii. 44.

² Edina! Scotia's darling seat!

All hail thy palaces and towers,

Where once, beneath a monarch's feet

Sat Legislation's sovereign powers!

Burns' Address to Edinburgh.

The winner of Acrostic No. 39 was Miss Addison Scott, to whom a book will be sent.

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Next Week's Broadcasting

IT is inevitable that the Summer should bring with it a plague of Concert Parties, partly because they are considered in the best circles to be seasonable entertainment, and partly because there are a number of them on tap which can be used as Outside Broadcasts. Last week's efforts in this direction were not very auspicious.

The "White Coons" do not, of course, confine their appearances to the Summer months. Perhaps that is what was wrong with them last week. They were tired. They want a nice long rest. Needless to say, Stanley Holloway stood out head and shoulders above the others; there ought to be a monument erected to Sam Small. It would probably be impertinent to ask what is the precise resemblance between this Concert Party and the original "White Coons", or, for the matter of that, what differentiates it from the thousand and one Concert Parties we heard in our youth. It is all very baffling.

The other concert party—an Outside Broadcast from Blackpool—has the distinction of being

the year's worst broadcast up to date. The singing was flat, the jokes were flatter, and the whole thing was as merry as a funeral bell. Fortunately the tennis from Wimbledon intervened before the depths had been plumbed. It is all very well to listen to this sort of thing when one is on holiday and prepared to be amused at anything and everything, but as a broadcast programme it simply will not do.

Next week Mr. Ernest Longstaffe once more takes a hand with "Please Ring" (July 4th, 8 p.m., Regional and July 5th, 8 p.m., National). He calls it a Revue, but what's in a name, anyway? Mr. Longstaffe is a past master at Concert Party work, and one may be sure on this occasion at least that the production will be "slick," the artists will sing in tune and that the humour will not put too great a strain on the intellect. As there are no other Concert Parties next week Mr. Longstaffe will have it all his own way.

In the mean time it is a comforting reflection that the English summer is a short one and that, in consequence, the various Parties will have been disbanded and blissfully hibernating long before they have all had an opportunity to broadcast.

ALAN HOWLAND.

Public Schools

HAILESBURY COLLEGE

AN Examination will be held on October 25th, 26th and 27th, for eight Entrance Scholarships, value from £100 to £30, for boys under 14 on 31st December, 1933. For details apply The Bursar, Haileybury College, Hertford.

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DROITWICH SPA. Raven Hotel. Telephone: Droitwich 50.

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